CH 29, 1941

WAY OF LIFE

Liberty

5¢

ERMANY'S SECRET PLANS FOR INVADING ENGLAND

The Inside Story by Wythe Williams

★★★ IN THE FRONT OF OUR AIR DEFENSE ★★★

For Fleetness in Flight

In the Army's famed fighter planes — the Bell Airacobra, the Lockheed P-38 Interceptor and the Curtiss P-40 — there's an Allison liquid-cooled engine whose in-line design helps make them the fast, fit fighters they are.

This advanced air power is the product of the American Aircraft Industry in collaboration with the U. S. Army—both pledged to the duty of arming us best.

Allison

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

GM GENERAL MOTORS

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

SAFETY? There's 19 FEET OF GRIP in every foot of this tread!

A new improved first-line "G-3" All-Weather . . . 20% longer-wearing . . . yet it costs you less per mile than ever before!

WORLD STANDARD OF TIRE VALUE

ALL-WEATHER TREAD — safest for more than quarter of a century.

LONGER NON-SKID MILEAGE — from tougher thick flat tread.

QUICK STOPPING AND STARTING — from deep non-skid grip.

NO SLIP ON CURVES — heavy shoulder blocks resist sliding sideways.

FORTIFIED TREAD — new improved rubber compound.

GREATER BLOWOUT PROTECTION — from higher-tensile Supertwist cord in every ply.

SMART APPEARANCE — prismed sidewalls, decorative ribs.

IN these days of rising material costs, the ability of manufacturers to maintain values is being put to acid test.

It's an easy solution to raise prices, or cut quality. But Goodyear is doing neither.

Not only do you pay less for the new 1941 edition of our famed first-line "G-3" All-Weather—the world's standard of tire value — *but you get a better tire.*

How much better? Well, down in Arizona we've been running leading makes of tires until they wore down to the fabric — with these results:

Under identical conditions our new "G-3" quality construction *averages* 20% longer mileage than other popular first-line tires tested.

A 19 to 1 safety factor

What this longer wear means to you in *safety* can be plainly seen, right in the "G-3" tread.

Note how those deep-cut diamonds slant ACROSS the tread; how their sharp edges FACE in all directions to brake against both skidding and slipping.

With a ruler you'll discover that all these non-skid edges add up to more than NINETEEN feet of grip in every single foot of the All-Weather tread—nineteen feet of protection against *both* skidding and slipping.

That's a 19 to 1 safety factor—that will grip in *any* direction, as millions of car owners have learned in 30 years' experience.

New low cost in mileage

How can we offer so much more value for less money? Because savings from new streamlined manufacturing and distribution methods are being given back to you in higher-quality tires.

This means you can still ride on safe, first-quality rubber without penny-pinching. See this great "G-3" All-Weather and you'll see why it's true *"You get the most for your money in a Goodyear!"*

All-Weather, Supertwist

—T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

MARCH 29, 1941 **Liberty** VOL. 18, NO. 13

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF
WALTER LLOYD, ART EDITOR

THAT GAUNT SKELETON—STARVATION

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The suffering that war brings beggars description. Words fail, the pen falters, in attempting to picture the horrors of this unspeakable brutality of man to man. The beasts of the field are humane in comparison. They seek to satisfy their hunger; they rarely kill for any other purpose.

And among the various causes for human misery brought about by war are the stark, staring eyes of starvation. We have been told that thousands, perhaps millions, of people will starve to death in Europe this year. Their habits of life have been changed. They have been robbed in many instances of their hoards of food. A new supply is not available, and slowly, day by day, they will waste away. The rounded face becomes thin and drawn, the lips sometimes parched and colorless, the movement slow and unsteady. To starve to death is indeed a terrible fate!

There is almost a universal lack of knowledge of the value of simple foods that will thoroughly nourish the body. On many occasions on this page attention has been called to the high nourishing qualities of whole grains. The unusual value of the whole grain of wheat has been especially emphasized. That grain contains in almost perfect proportions all the elements needed to supply the requirements of the body.

It is indeed a source of untold satisfaction to intelligent dietitians to know that at last, officially and otherwise, the defective character of some of our food products is now being recognized. Vitamins and mineral products so necessary to fully nourish the body are now being added by food suppliers everywhere.

In the past the need for preserving food has led us astray. Foods that will keep for an indefinite period are sometimes defective. Not only wheat but nearly all kinds of grains, when used in their entirety, have a high nourishing quality.

Reference has previously been made to an experiment in which four men and four women used the whole grains of wheat made up in porridge, bread, and biscuits as an exclusive food for thirty days. No milk, butter, or vegetables of any kind were used, not even yeast in the bread.

A rigid physical examination, with various strength and endurance tests, was taken before and after this thirty-day period, and the men and women were stronger and in far better health at the end of this test than they were at the beginning.

It was definitely proved that if we were compelled to follow such a rigid regime we could sustain life and health for an indefinite period on wheat in which all parts of the grain were used. And almost the same can be said of other grains, such as corn, rye, oats, barley, rice (if unpolished).

Some of the Negroes and the lower-class whites in the South frequently have but little to eat outside of corn pone, made from coarse corn meal, though sometimes they add molasses and bacon. Millions of Chinese live on brown rice. We are fed on a polished product, the most valuable part of this grain being removed in the polishing process. Emasculated corn meal, like all other grains similarly treated, is one of the principal causes of pellagra.

There are, of course, many ways of preparing these various grains to add to their palatability, but the entire grain should be used.

Ex-President Hoover has requested the privilege of feeding the starving victims in the various countries that have been looted by Hitler's armies. He asked for the privilege of first making the experiment in Belgium. He has a plan that ensures that the food will be handed out by soup kitchens under the jurisdiction of the Red Cross.

We are hopeful that this plan can be carried out. But let us also hope that, whenever possible, the foods used will consist of the entire grain; that the superfine white flour will be barred, though these starving victims may be glad to fill their stomachs with almost anything. In order to carry out this plan, both England and Germany must guarantee a safe passage through the war zone.

The human body can be maintained in health for a few cents a day with any of these whole grains. And even in our own country, where nourishment is inadequate, if any one of these whole-grain products, containing all the vitamins and minerals that nature has supplied, is added to the diet, one can be assured of being thoroughly nourished for an unlimited period.

Bernarr Macfadden

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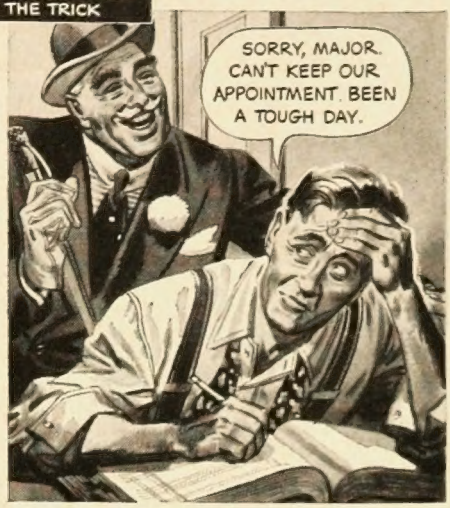
I Was All In... But the Major's "33 to 1" SAVED THE DAY FOR ME!

HERE'S HOW "33 TO 1" DID THE TRICK



Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

33 fine brews blended to make ONE great beer!

IT'S SMOOTHER . . . IT'S TASTIER . . . IT NEVER VARIES

WISE FELLOW, THE MAJOR!

BLENDING 33 BREWS CERTAINLY MAKES ONE DELICIOUS BEER!

Yes, REAL BEER LOVERS know it's *smart* to order Pabst Blue Ribbon. It has something you enjoy in no other beer: a BLEND of *33* fine brews to make *one* single glass! As in the finest coffee and champagne, it's this *expert blending* that gives Blue Ribbon its smoother, tastier, unvarying goodness. Today—treat yourself to a cool, foaming glass—and *prove* it!

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

"My Answer to the Burning Question is *Cool Shaves!*"

"Help!" yells the chief. "Gimme the first aid kit—and give it to me quick! I got a third degree razor-burn! Look at my face! It's like a sunset on a sirloin—and me with a date to have my picture taken with the heiress I saved!"

"Chief," I says, "your chops are broiled, and it serves you right. You're shaving with a cream that belongs to the old horse-and-engine days! Here—lather up with Ingram's cool, freshening, quick-action cream!"

"Ingram's Shaving Cream is different, Chief! It gives a quick billow of special, cooling lather—a de luxe lather that conditions your skin for cool shaving while it wilts your whiskers fast. Why, not to use Ingram's is practically arson!"

"Whee!" says the Chief, "this is the shaving cream life for me. Ingram's lather makes whiskers wilt like weeping willows! You shave with a free and easy hand—shave minutes off your shaving time—and finish as cool as an heiress' million!"

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM
In Tube or Jar

"You'll look like a million to the camera eye, too," I says. "Ingram's leaves your face younger and more attractive! No lotions or tonics needed! After an Ingram facial refresher your skin is smooth and cool—and stays that way for hours. Help protect yourself against shaving burns and terrors by getting cool, economical Ingram's—today!"

WHY NOT MAKE WOODEN LUNGS?

MENOMINEE, MICH.—I read your article on the iron lung (February 1 Liberty) timed to promote the march of dimes for the infantile paralysis fight. Since then I have been wondering whether another article, but on the wooden lung, built to meet emergency needs, might not be an inspiration for some communities to provide for themselves. Wooden lungs can be made with little trouble and they have saved lives.

In the fall of 1940 the Upper Peninsula of Michigan had a polio wave. Many children were stricken, and many, perhaps thirty, were taken to St. Luke's Hospital in Marquette. Some required iron lungs. When those available were in use, local workmen in a few hours produced a crudely built wooden lung for an emergency case. Others, carefully built and effective, followed for other cases. Other Upper Peninsula cities are making them. A very carefully made wooden lung is being completed at the D. A. R. Boys' Club.—*S. A.*

HIGH HEELS UPLIFT!

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Listen, Ed, I don't agree with you and J. B. of Los Angeles, California, on high heels (February 8 Vox Pop). If you took the trouble to inquire, you would find that a pair of high heels provide mental as well as physical uplift for many women. And we need all the mental uplift that we can find in times like these.

So let us have high heels.—*Golden Lily.*

HERE'S FREEDOM OF SPEECH

WEST LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Permit me to commend unqualifiedly the editorial policy shown by February 8 Liberty.

When the owner and editor of a publication so widely read as Liberty can express conflicting views on a vital question, there can be no better demonstration of our democratic freedom of speech.

No matter with whom we agree, Mr. Macfadden and Mr. Oursler have shown us what we may expect in the future—intelligent and plain-spoken analysis of whatever most concerns us.—*Richard Deming.*

"OUT OF THE HORSE'S MOUTH"

MORRISTOWN, IND.—T. K. in February 8 Vox Pop wishes to know the meaning of "Out of the horse's mouth." T. K. is no farmer or he would know that by the teeth in a horse's mouth his age can be told.

The man offering a horse for sale may lie about his age, but the horse's mouth tells his real age.

Therefore the expression means, "This is the truth."—*H. M. Chadwick.*

DEMPSEY NOT A SLACKER

DES MOINES, IA.—So you're all pepped up because Jack Dempsey has become your Sports Editor.

Say, Liberty, I don't always get you. On the one hand, you're superpatriotic; on the other, you go and link yourself up with a man like the Manassa Mauler! Why didn't he go to war in 1917?

Can you give a halfway explanation of your contradictory conduct?—*Jonas Leach.*

[We have asked Jack Dempsey to clear the decks for us, and he writes:

"The reason I was not in the last war is because I had dependents, my father and my mother. This was known by the Draft Board at the time, and admitted by the Board.

"A charge of slackerism was made against me as a result of a picture taken of me in a shipyard. This charge was fomented by certain persons who were conniving and fenagling to capture the heavyweight championship, which I did not have but for which I was becoming the 'logical contender.' These opposing influences wanted to see me out of the heavyweight picture.

"I never worked in the shipyards, nor did I ever claim to. Jack Kearns and I were prevailed upon—for publicity purposes, I was told—to pose as a shipyard worker (that is, I was to be the worker). The picture, unfortunately, had a reverse effect.

"I was duly tried on the charge of slackerism, and acquitted and exonerated by the Federal Court. This is a matter of record. The fact that I was on trial was broadly publicized, but the decision exonerating me was given only a small amount of space in the papers. That's always the case."]

"We *specialize* in pleasant trips

TO ALL THIS AMAZING AMERICA!"

Hear what these specialists have to say, before you choose any transportation

● THE TRAVEL BUREAU GIRL—"I sell *expense-paid tours* to scores of interesting places in America, arranging transportation, hotels, sightseeing, entertainment—all in one money-saving package. I *do all the planning*, you have *all the fun.*"

● THE DRIVER—"Safety experts recently dug into the records and found that I operate 14 times as safely as the average automobile driver. When you see the rigid safety precautions I take, you'll understand why."

● THE TICKET AGENT—"At my fingertips is full information about interesting highways, optional routes, time-saving schedules to anywhere in America—and about low rates (only one-third the cost of driving a car!) May I help you?"

● THE MECHANIC—"Don't leave me out! I tune up and overhaul the Super-Coach power plants, check the air-conditioning units and everything that adds to the comfort and smooth-riding of these luxury buses."

PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES:

New York City • Cleveland, Ohio
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
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Memphis, Tenn. • Charleston, W. Va.
Richmond, Virginia • Cincinnati, Ohio
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GREYHOUND

GET BRAND-NEW CARTOON MAP "THIS AMAZING AMERICA"

Just off the press—a humorous, entertaining cartoon map, lithographed in full colors, measuring 20 x 30 inches, picturing and describing more than 100 strange, unusual places in the United States. For your free copy, send this coupon to GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICE at nearest city listed above—no local address needed.

Name _____

Address _____ LI-3

DOES YOUR NOSE CLOG AT NIGHT

SPOIL SLEEP

because of transient congestion

Get Relief—QUICK—with this 3-PURPOSE Medicine

(1) *Shrinks swollen membranes.*
(2) *Soothes irritation.*
(3) *Helps Clear Out nasal passages.*

Put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up your nose and see how successfully it relieves the distress—brings you more comfort—and paves the way for restful sleep. Enjoy the easier breathing this successful 3-purpose medicine brings—tonight! *And remember . . .* if used at the first sniffle or sneeze, Va-tro-nol actually helps to *prevent* many colds from developing.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

CHILD'S COLDS To relieve misery—rub VapoRub on throat, chest, back and let its time-tested poultice-vapor action go to work! Ideal for children. Good for adults. **VICKS VAPORUB**

Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisement.

"WHO SAID GOOD BLADES HAVE TO BE HIGH PRICED?"

Treat yourself to a super-keen, super-thrifty Marlin shave today!

Marlin HIGH SPEED **BLADES**

DOUBLE EDGE **20 FOR 25¢**

Single Edge 15 for 25¢

GUARANTEED BY MARLIN FIREARMS CO.—FINE GUNS SINCE 1870

Senator Wheeler, Bell, and Ambassador Dodd

GULFPORT, MISS.—You may be interested in this letter to Senator Wheeler, which I sent him after reading Ambassador Dodd's Diary in Liberty.—*Edward Price Bell.*

Dear Senator Wheeler:

Any American with his head screwed on right would be sorry at any time to hear that you were ill; he is especially sorry you are not thoroughly fit at this particular moment.

President Roosevelt's personal aspersions touching yourself would be bad enough from the cheapest of politicians. In a President of the United States they are astoundingly paltry and mean. Undoubtedly, however, they are not discordant with the general moral quality of the New Deal and its motley crew of lickspittles.

It may interest you to know that the late Professor Dodd lied about me in an article in Liberty (August 27, 1938). Just as he (unless F. D. R. is lying) tried to queer your pitch by pinning a pro-Nazi tag on you,* so he actually did queer my pitch to some extent by pinning a similar tag on me. While I like to speak as decently as I can of dead men, I am bound to say William E. Dodd was compounded of pretty poor mental and ethical stuff. He had no trouble to qualify as a New Dealer.

In Liberty of May 21, 1938, I had had an article, What Hitler Told Me. In it I represented exactly what the Chancellor said to me and how he impressed me. I said I regarded him as "sincere." Dodd made me the subject of special pleading in his piece. In essence, his whole argument was mendacious. And his explicit bit of cock-and-bull was that I was "apparently eager to accept Fascist ideology."

That lie went all over America, and my lecture dates were canceled one after another. Not only that. Nearly every editor in the country became afraid of anything I might write on international affairs, which have been my life's impartial study. This loss, happily (though a poor man), I cheerfully accept. I did my duty as a journalist.

I said Hitler meant what he said. Dodd said he was "bluffing." Which was right?

Shortly after I saw Hitler, Lothian saw him. And Lothian wrote in the London Times that he considered Hitler "sincere." Then Chamberlain and Daladier saw Hitler, and they also found him "sincere."—*Edward Price Bell.*

*Nothing in Ambassador to Hitler in Liberty hinted or implied that Senator Wheeler was the man whom Dodd had in mind but did not name. Mr. Bell is expressing his own personal views, which this magazine does not necessarily accept because it publishes his letter.—EDITOR.

YOUR THOUGHTS, LADIES!

SAINT CLOUD, MINN.—What do thousands of women who are possessed of more than a single-track mind do to occupy their minds while doing their household tasks, such as sweeping, mending, washing dishes, etc.?

Of course, I have in mind sincere, sensible, and sane women. Not the gossipy, scheming, vain, or ambitious sort.

What are some of your elevating and constructive thoughts, ladies?—*The Old Adam.*

WHAT WE GET FOR OUR TAXES

WASHINGTON. D. C.—It seems to me Morris Markey loses sight of what we get for our taxes (They Take It When You're Not Looking, February 15 Liberty).

Suppose we had to pay tuition in school for several children, pay for street lighting, building roads, keeping up municipal expenses, hospitals, care of the poor, the insane, police protection, and many other things. Would $500 out of the $2,500 income he cites begin to cover the cost?

As long as we demand so much from government we must expect to be taxed to pay for it. I think it is more important to watch what we get for our tax money than to complain about the amount.—*H. T. Cooke.*

IN JUSTICE TO BEEKEEPERS

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Permit me to call your attention to The Telling of the Bees (January 4 Liberty) in which it is asserted that death was caused by eating comb honey from poison by spraying blueberry bushes with arsenic dusting.

The story, I believe, is damaging to the honey industry of America, because many of your readers are inclined to believe it, and would be fearful of using honey, notwithstanding that it would be impossible to poison honey in this manner. It would be greatly appreciated by the beekeeping fraternity of the country if your editor would correct this statement.

In San Diego County we have over 1,000 beekeepers controlling 36,000 colonies of bees. You can readily see why I am writing you relative to this subject.—*Fred Hanson, Senior Agricultural Inspector (Apiary).*

PATRON SAINT OF PAINTING

NEW YORK, N. Y.—To the question in Liberty's Art Quiz, "Which of the twelve Apostles became the patron saint of painting?" the answer given is St. Luke. (February 15 Liberty.)

First, St. Luke was *not* an apostle. But he was the companion of the

Apostle Paul, and also the author of the third Gospel and of the Acts of the Apostles.

Second, we know that he was both a physician and a painter. He is credited with having painted a portrait of the Virgin Mary. Hence his having been chosen as the patron saint of painting.—(*Rev.*) *H. F. Blanchot.*

ARKANSAS PHILOSOPHY

VAN BUREN, ARK.—By reading Vox Pop and looking in the mirror I have just decided that America is a fairly even mixture of fools and wise men.

I heard something I think worth repeating, so here it comes: An elderly man while praying recently said, " Dear God, we know that it is we old men who make wars, the young men who fight them, and their posterity who really pay for them."

Ain't them your sentiments exactly?

As for me, give me a Liberty with handsome men running around wooing perty gals.—*Nick Nayme.*

PEARL BUCK VS. MME. CHIANG

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—SURPRISED ON PEARL BUCK ARTICLE WITH MANY UNTRUTHS ACCEPTED FOR PUBLICATION. ARTICLE FULL OF IMAGINATION AND ASSUMPTION OF FACTS. UNFAIR TO MADAME CHIANG—DAMAGING TO CHINESE CAUSE. —BUCK LEE.

BOONE, IOWA—After reading Madame Chiang Kai-shek's Democracy Reaps the Whirlwind (December 21 Liberty), I thought any reply could be only a poor excuse. But Pearl Buck's reply (February 15 Liberty) is a masterpiece that perhaps could be written only by her.

I think she answered Madame Chiang Kai-shek completely and sympathetically. Pearl Buck knows China, she knows Madame Chiang Kai-shek, and her reply shows that she knows the U. S. A. better than the average citizen does.

It is easy to understand why the Chinese people have in the past looked upon us with reverence, as children do Santa Claus, but our dealings with Japan must make them feel that the whiskers we wore were only a disguise.—*R. D. Douglas.*

WHY NOT, INDEED?

ALEXANDRIA, VA.—Will you listen to a mere government clerk who wonders why the school custom of opening the day with the singing of America or the pledge to the flag couldn't be extended to the federal offices with advantage?—*Virginia Grimes.*

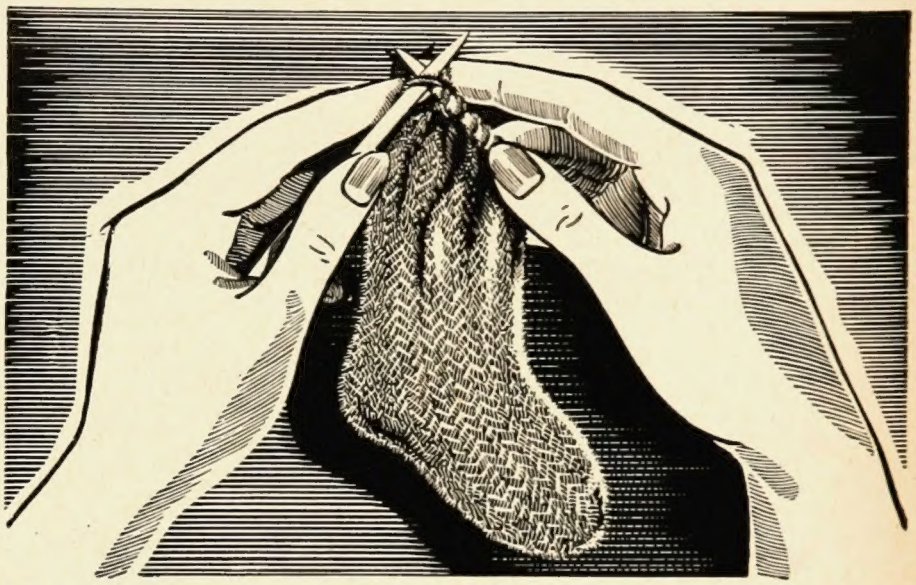
JUST WRITE 'EM!

COLUMBIA, S. C.—The Wheel-Chair Brigade of the hospital where I spent several months, after voting 100 per cent that Liberty's Short Shorts are the most interesting of all the stories we read, decided to ask you to beseech the editors to give us a *funny one* once in a while.—*Bob Z. Estellorn.*

The Importance of

MEAT

When the Stork Hovers



What a glorious time of love and hope and expectancy for the wife . . . those months you wait . . . if you're healthy! . . . What a joy to look forward to—a bouncing, healthy baby. The modern physician is likely to say to expectant mothers: "When you're feeding two, I want you to eat meat!"

THE complete and excellent-quality protein in meat builds body tissues—and, Mother-to-Be, you're replenishing one set of tissues and building another.

Meat's minerals (copper and iron) help build good red blood and its phosphorus helps build strong teeth-to-come and bones-to-grow.

Meat is a liberal source of the B Vitamins which help forestall certain ailments and nervous disorders which may have a tendency to develop during this critical time.

But besides meeting so many healthful objectives, isn't the grand, good, savory taste of meat another real blessing to the expectant mother? Consult your physician regarding the place of meat in your diet during pregnancy and during the nursing period.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods

This Seal means that all statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE • CHICAGO

9

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART ONE — THE PROBLEM OF FRANCE, AND THE STUMBLING BLOCK AT ROME

GERMANY'S SECRET PLAN

WHILE Adolf Hitler has been engaged, this winter, in lining up active and also silent partners in his gigantic land-grab enterprise known as the New World Order, for the purpose of an all-out spring blitzkrieg against the British Empire, he needed, to back up his diplomatic efforts, a clear-cut inventory of Nazi might—military and economic. To meet this requirement, he ordered the chief government agencies of the Third Reich to prepare inclusive reports to serve as basis for his negotiations. Copies of these reports, neatly bound and attested with the seal of the Reich Foreign Ministry, were delivered by couriers to German Ambassadors von Mackensen in Rome, Count von der Schulenburg in Moscow, Otto Abetz in Paris, von Stohrer in Madrid, General Otto in Tokyo, and also to Heinrich Maximilian Stahmer, the Führer's personal envoy at the Japanese capital.

Through my regular sources of information I learned of the existence of these documents, and was able to have important excerpts copied from them. Those who assisted me in procuring this important information cannot be named. Hitler's Gestapo is both efficient and ruthless. Therefore secrecy must rule. The data gained was immediately brought to the attention of proper authorities, who consider the knowledge as beneficial to this nation.

The documents from which I was able to secure verbatim excerpts, four in all, were prepared by the German General Staff, the Reich Air Ministry, the Defense Ministry, and the Ministry of Economics. The information contained therein served as basis for the present series of articles, in the order given. The reports are dated December 1, 1940.

Confirming with microscopic detail the worst fears of the prophets of invasion, the General Staff memorandum deals solely with the preparatory phases of the plan and sets the date of March 31 for all to be in readiness—leaving Der Tag and its zero hour to conjecture and the will of the Führer.

The dominating motive behind Hitler's intentions is unequivocally expressed in the following sentence from the Staff report: "The determining factors of the Reich war policy *(Richtlinien der Kriegspolitik)* point with all clearness toward the necessity of a complete overpowering *(Niederringung)* of the English island kingdom."

Included in the provision for co-ordinated assault by land, sea, and air, are mass air attacks with upward of 30,000 planes, the use of gas, parachute and glider troops, airborne light tanks, and the dropping of ten million tons of high-explosive bombs—even now in subterranean

The main routes of Germany's all-out attempt at "complete overpowering" of England, as indicated in the German General Staff's secret report, are marked with groups of arrows as follows: 1—From occupied France, "natural springboard for a co-ordinated assault England." Here "our offensive bases on coast had to be built from the ground up which took time. 2—From the Netherla where "delivery of transport barges by

BY WYTHE WILLIAMS

azing staff documents, strangely revealed—Liberty esents the most remarkable news-sensation of the war

R INVADING ENGLAND

shipyards" is to have the German fleet all ready; and from Belgium, however, is not to be "the principal of the offensive front." 3—From the of Norway, where "work on bases and fortifications has progressed sufficiently" to make them ready, and which is a logical springboard for invasion attempts upon Scotland and North Ireland. The black area of course is Germany and German-occupied territory.

storage in Holland, Belgium, and France. Specifications are given as to the number of tanks of different categories, including amphibians, troop barges, and protective convoys, underwater flame throwers for cutting mine cables, and provisions for protection and supply of forty-five divisions of shock land troops, chosen as the army of invasion.

The preamble of the General Staff reports opens prosaically enough with the simple statement:

THE production difficulties and the material shortages experienced in late autumn have been largely overcome. Framing of plans for military operations on land, in air, and on the seas can now be based on safety factors which may be expected to hold true.

Conditions in the occupied territories and allied countries have been subject to investigation and scrutiny.

Restoration of communications and industries in the Gouvernement Général has proceeded at a satisfactory pace. Especially gratifying is the coal and ore situation in Upper Silesia, and much the same can be said of the textile industries in Lodz. In general terms, the output has been more than doubled as compared with conditions under the Polish misrule.

Progress has been made in the new industries contributing to the Reich defense economy (*Wehrwirtschaft*), especially in those contributing to the air arm. The populace is in a state of complete docility and a repetition of the disorders of last summer is not to be expected. A reduction of occupational forces has taken place. Russian border relations are particularly gratifying. The region has ceased to be a trouble spot.

The coastal defenses of the Jutland coast are completed. The mine barrier in the Skagerrak is impenetrable. Equipment of the bases for the Reich naval forces in the Danish islands is expected to be completed by March. The same goes for the new bases of the air arm. Militarily, the situation in Denmark is one of the best.

In Norway the internal situation still remains partly undependable.

The communications problem *(Verkehrsbild)* is nearing a satisfactory solution. Both railroads between Oslo and Trondheim are in full operation. The same goes for the coastal rail lines which were destroyed at the time of the English invasion. The new railroad from Trondheim to the north is carrying freight traffic as far as Bodö.

The highway between Bodö and Narvik is completed, except for the embankment link across Ousfjord and Tysfjord. The harbor of Narvik and the ore railroad have been restored.

Work on the Lofoten bases has progressed satisfactorily, and the majority of them will be ready for use before spring.

Especially satisfactory has been

the progress of construction work on the great naval base in Trondheim Fjord. Several submarine docks have been used for the past two months.

Work on the coastal fortifications all the way down to Stavanger has progressed sufficiently to consider the Atlantic coast impregnable. After the regrettable slow-up in late autumn, work on the air bases has been accelerated. Except for unforeseen complications in the next month or two, they should be ready for extensive operations by early spring.

In Holland the general situation could stand considerable improvement. The office of the High Commissioner (*Gauleiter*) has been advised accordingly. While acts of overt sabotage have practically ceased, there is still a considerable amount of passive resistance. Furthermore, the nightly activities of English air squadrons over the country prove that they are receiving inside information through channels not yet disclosed.

The communications picture is the brightest part of the Dutch situation. The installation of new facilities is progressing rapidly. This includes camouflaging of the principal canals and concentration terminals.

It was found advisable to double the extent of the prohibited areas, especially around the coastal offensive points. All concrete foundation work for these has been completed, but there has been a delay in the delivery of heavy guns. It is expected that all deliveries will have been made by the end of January.

Deliveries of transport barges (*Transportprahme*) by the smaller Dutch shipyards is proceeding at a satisfactory pace. The barge fleet will be in a position to finish its concentration prior to April 1.

Work on the construction of the new system of airfields is now proceeding satisfactorily. There is no repetition of the events of last autumn on the part of certain sections of the rural population. They have been made to understand that the temporary expropriation of certain lands by the dictum of the Occupational Authority is a by-product of the war situation. The addition of new landing fields to those already in use has increased rapidly, although a considerable proportion of the new facilities is not being used as yet for reasons of offensive surprise. The Dutch sector of the offensive front, like all others, will be ready in time.

In Belgium the situation, now as before, is the most satisfactory of all. Both branches of the native population have shown more genuine co-operation here than in any other of the occupied territories. The heavy concentration of English bombing attacks along the strip of Belgian coast is due not to any inside information but is the result of an erroneous belief on the part of the English General Staff that this will be the principal sector of the offensive front. There is no reason to discourage them in this belief, and therefore our pretended activities are being kept up at a brisk pace.

The few actual offensive points in this sector are extremely well camouflaged and protected, and there has been no damage worth mentioning to any of them. Since all barge concentrations along the canals of the Belgian hinterland will be deviated to the Scheldt River delta, the great damage done to the canals of the coastal region in the course of the Flanders campaign is of secondary consequence. They are not important in offensive calculations.

The Belgian hinterland will serve as the principal avenue for the organization of supply from the main industrial bases to the Dutch and French sectors, and in this respect the O. T. (*Organization Todt*) has done a remarkable job of reconstruction on the system of Belgian railroads and highways, as well as in the new construction of bombproof underground storage facilities. The calculation that the English would instruct their bombing squadrons to spare the Belgian hinterland for political reasons has proven correct.

It is also for this reason that a relatively smaller number of airdromes were constructed on Belgian soil than elsewhere. But these are well placed, skillfully camouflaged, and they are practically undetectable from the air, as proven by aerial photographs taken as low as 1,000 feet above the ground. Even the most expert enemy observer would return with a gross miscalculation of the number of aircraft in the Belgian sector of the offensive front.

In France there are factors to be contended with which are not encountered elsewhere. Whereas the eastern hinterland and the central part of the country remained practically untouched by the war of movement, the region north of the Seine and Marne has seen a considerable destruction of its lines of communications. Especially the disorganization of French railroads was so complete that it required months of repair work to bring them into somewhat tolerable shape. The only trunk line which was taken over completely intact was the Angoulème Railroad to the Spanish border, and this one has ever since been taxed to capacity. The French highways, while generally in excellent shape, cannot compare in traffic capacity with the Reich's motor roads, the extensions of which across French territory cannot be undertaken so long as the future political status of France remains a question mark.

Hitler, with General Keitel, studies war plans at the front.

Comment by Wythe Williams: A great deal has been written about Hitler's timetable of conquest. Much of it was fiction and the remainder grossly exaggerated. The Nazi Supreme Command expected to force a decision in the west within a certain period, but no specific dates had been set for the surrender of France or the conquest of England. Various units of the Nazi army operated on a timetable, each within its limited sphere of action, but the attainment of broad objectives always has been considered a matter of both military and political expediency.

BECAUSE of the breakdown of the French communications system, this part of the offensive front contributed the principal reason why the contemplated October offensive had to be abandoned. Then followed the wholesale requisition of French rolling stock for increased service to Italy. The larger part of this French rolling stock is still outstanding. The Reich Communications Ministry has been advised that all the French rolling stock must be restored before the turn of the year. Unless this is done, offensive preparations along the French sector cannot be completed per schedule. The three bottlenecks of this region are the railroad centers of Metz, Nancy, and Lille, where immense quantities of offensive supplies have accumulated. Even the restoration of the Rhine bridge into Strasbourg will defeat its purpose unless sufficient rolling stock is made available.

The use of motor transport throughout occupied France is furthermore complicated by the fuel problem. The booty in motor vehicles was beyond all expectations, but French- and American-made engines are not adaptable for Diesel fuel, and it was found inadvisable to release the quantities of gasoline that would be required. While the increased productivity of Rumanian oil refineries will relieve the situation to some extent, the French railway system will be indispensable for transportation of heavy goods.

There are considerable accumulations of rolling stock at various points in unoccupied France. When large quantities of north French rolling stock were requisitioned for Italian deliveries, it was done on the assumption that south French rolling stock would be made available in sufficient quantities. This has met with serious obstacles. Such deliveries were not included in the original armistice terms and the Vichy government, while acceding to some demands, has been consistently hedging on the question of others.

Besides, the communications system of unoccupied France is so utterly disorganized that it is extremely doubtful if it can be brought into shape by French efforts alone. Rolling stock has been heaped up in blind alleys *(Sackgassen)* from which it can be extricated only with great difficulties. There also may be considerable reluctance on the part of local French authorities to move it. For instance, conditions in the Lyons bottleneck are beyond description. A great deal of the rolling stock accumulated there is in bad need of repairs, but the principal railroad shops are in occupied France. Breakdowns along the Lyons-Châlon and Lyons-Besançon railroads are almost hourly occurrences. It is almost impossible to move anything out along these two routes. The only really dependable main south-and-north artery is the Angoulème Railroad, but its through capacity is limited. In addition, it serves as the only route for supplying our southern naval bases on the Atlantic coast, and for direct communication with Spain.

There has been much expectation with regard to harnessing north French industrial production for purposes of the general offensive. This, with the sole exception of iron-ore production, has proved a mirage. It is true that the great French industrial centers have, with the exception of badly hammered Lille, fallen into our hands virtually intact, but the revival of industrial production in occupied France is facing the same difficulties with which the French war industry had to contend prior to the French defeat.

TOO great a proportion of French skilled workers were drafted into the armed forces. Great numbers of these are now prisoners of war. As prisoners they are commandeered for pursuits in which their professional skill cannot be utilized to best advantage, The Supreme Army Command has been requested to devise a workable method by which these workers could be returned to their places of production.

Furthermore, a great number of skilled workers from north France are now refugees in the unoccupied zone of France. They are crowding the ranks of unemployed, and the Vichy government finds it more and more difficult to restore them to productive capacity in view of the armistice restriction with regard to defense industries. Negotiations for the repatriation of this group have produced no concrete results.

And yet this problem must be solved in short order if the productive capacity of France is to assist in the general offensive picture. There are only two ways to accomplish this: Either the French government returns to Paris, from where it can restore the French industrial machine to comparative normalcy with the co-operation of the Occupying Authority, or Reich economic control must be extended to the whole of France without delay.

Strategically, France must be considered from the viewpoint of the three branches of our armed forces —land, sea, and air. From the very beginning it was the opinion of this office that England could be reduced only by a co-ordinated speed assault carried out by all three. The Air Staff held a different opinion. The limited entry *(Einsatz)* of English air forces in the Flanders battle led to the belief that the English air arm was utterly insufficient for engaging our air arm over France. This belief has proved a fallacy.

The English regarded the crushing defeat of the French field army as a foregone conclusion and conserved practically all their air squadrons for the defense of their island. Our air arm was given its day and failed to carry it. It is now generally conceded that even the proposed mass assault by 30,000 planes will not in itself force a decision. The air arm has proven unequaled in destroying the morale of ground forces as well as civilian population, but unless land forces of sufficient strength and mobility are close at hand to avail themselves of this demoralization, the effect of the air assault will be merely temporary.

IN the case of England, a systematic destruction of the larger part of the country's productive capacity is insufficient in itself, so long as the productive loss can be made up, and even exceeded, by ever increasing productive capacity overseas. The orientation of the United States under her present regime is well known. Her productive reservoir can be made greater than that of the European continent, given the time.

Five hundred submarines are a potent force, but even a thousand would not suffice to prevent all overseas supplies from reaching the island kingdom, and every new shipload of supplies contributes to a strengthening of the morale of a determined people. English resistance is more a moral than a physical factor. The English sense of security, owing to sea protection, has been built up through eight hundred years until it has become a sort of obsession. The mere appearance of a formidable foe on English soil will shatter this sense of security to pieces, and with it all further resistance will collapse.

For a co-ordinated assault on England, France has always been considered the natural springboard. Unfortunately, modern France has not thought herself in a position to settle accounts with England. Whatever offensive machinery the French possessed was directed exclusively against the east. Our offensive bases on the French coast, from Dunkirk to Bordeaux, had to be built from the ground up. They can be classified under four different headings:

1. Steel and concrete emplacements. Their completion was delayed by the necessity of installing special machinery for the operation of heavy guns mounted on underground turntables. The delay in deliveries of heavy guns experienced in the Dutch sector was also occasioned here. According to the War Ministry's explanation, this delay was primarily due to the differences in calibration

for the various batteries. The temporary expedient of using heavy guns mounted on railroad flats left much to be desired. First, their usefulness was impaired by the necessity of their removal to secret stations before the arrival of dawn, sometimes as far as fifty and sixty kilometers inland. Second, their frequent shifts from one position to the other made it impossible to adopt a unified system of range finding. Present indications are that our offensive points of heavy artillery will be ready for action by February 15.

2. Shock-troop cantonments (*Stosstruppenquartiere*). In the erection of these, the O. T. has surpassed all expectations. The work had to be started from scratch. The French system of cantonments was based on the Maginot system, extending from the Meuse River east to the former Reich border. In fact, west of the Meuse there was not one single modern cantonment affording protection from concentrated dive-bombing attacks. Today we have facilities for the cantonment of twenty-six divisions between Lille and St. Nazaire. Their disguise against air reconnaissance is so effective that English concentrated bombing attacks for the past two months have resulted in only 640 military casualties, and these were principally among men who ventured into the cities in pursuit of pleasure or private affairs. It is expected that by early March sufficient facilities will have been created for the safe quartering of a total of forty-five shock divisions.

3. Air bases. Since the exact location and arrangement of all French airdromes in the Channel region was known in all details by the English General Staff, their availability was reduced to their service as dummies. In this capacity they have served admirably, the English having expended tens of thousands of tons of high explosives for their destruction. The new offensive airdromes are arranged in three principal categories—for fighter craft, combination combat and bombing planes, and heavy bombers respectively. If the Reich Air Ministry continues deliveries of new planes as scheduled, the airdromes will be waiting for them.

4. Naval bases. A report on this subject will be submitted separately by the Ministry of the Navy in conjunction with the staff of the Commander in Chief of Naval Forces. In this connection, mention should be made of the fact that present and future arrangements call for a complete co-ordination of the destroyer, mosquito boat, mine sweeper, and submarine fleets, with the transport fleet assigned to the land forces. Heavy naval units will operate from bases on Norwegian territory.

The offensive plan of the Supreme Command calls for the most intimate co-operation between land, air, and naval forces. Every element of chance has been discounted. The only question still left open is the measure of French collaboration. This, according to present indications, will be forthcoming at the proper moment. If the production schedule of the home front keeps the pace assigned, the complete success of the general offensive appears assured.

But other factors than the preparedness of the western offensive front are prerequisites of unqualified success. The most important of these is complete concentration on the primary objective, whatever the political inducements favoring a dispersal of military effort. Any gain in secondary directions will be temporary at best, so long as the main effort remains unfulfilled. This is particularly true of the Balkan situation. With the clarification of the problems presented by Hungary and Rumania, offensive military action in the European southeast should be a matter for future consideration.

WYTHE WILLIAMS

credits his exclusive sources of information, both in Europe and in America, with the important wartime news scoops he has been scoring as a radio commentator. He spent 26 years abroad as a newsman; was a World War correspondent of the New York Times; has headed news bureaus in Berlin, London, and Paris. Mr. Williams is heard each Tuesday and Thursday over a 99-station network of the Mutual Broadcasting System.

1. Under the present organization of the Reich's military economy, the various deliveries from the countries in question are practically indispensable. Even a partial failure of these deliveries would easily cause an undesired reorientation of the whole economic program. A retention of the present policy of conditional peace with respect to these states is therefore of utmost importance in order to avoid even a minimum of interference with the current trend of the military economy of the Reich.

2. Neither the army of occupation in Rumania nor other military forces assigned to the Danubian region are equipped at present for a long winter campaign in the European southeast. Successful warlike measures in this naturally difficult mountainous terrain could be initiated only upon organization of a completely secured system of military supply routes. Considering the climatic and weather conditions now prevailing in this region, such an organization of supply is unfeasible in the limited period of time at our disposal. Add to this the difficulty of establishing a sufficient number of fully equipped air bases. Without the strong participation of the air arm, any military success in modern warfare is a matter of grave doubt.

These reasons should form a determining barrier against the conjuring up at this time of a Balkan theater of war.

On the other hand, all the information received through our intelligence channels indicates that England would like nothing better than to find a way of getting at us through our Balkan back door. This is especially true after the Reich has gained complete control over all Rumanian oil properties.

Every defensive precaution in this respect has been taken. The occupational army in Rumania is being strengthened to a point where any Turkish adventure would mean a plain case of national suicide. Inasmuch as a loss of the Rumanian oil properties would be catastrophic, the strictest measures have been taken for their protection. The same applies to the new defense industries on Rumanian territory. If it should become necessary for the military authorities to take over the whole economy, and even the civil administration, of the country, this will be done.

The co-ordination of the Hungarian army with the Reich forces and the taking over of all control over the Hungarian railroads have created a united defense front from the Black Sea to the Italian border.

Comment by Wythe Williams: The swiftness of the French collapse took the Nazis themselves by surprise. During the final stages of the campaign their units were spurting forward more by the momentum of the drive than in accordance with a preconceived plan. And Mussolini, fearful that an overwhelming Nazi victory might interfere with some of his "national aspirations," jumped off the fence so quickly that Berlin was even further astonished. The German High Command was displeased rather than gratified. Hitler's generals had studied the Italian war machine closely and had never thought much of it. They dreaded having it put to crucial test. A saber-rattling, defiance-shouting Mussolini was an asset to Hitler so long as he was not found out. Once his bluff was called, he became a cumbersome liability. The General Staff report concerning the main Axis partner continues as follows:

THE weakest link of the offensive chain is represented by Italy. At the time of Italy's entry into the war the understanding was that the work of the two headquarters should be closely co-ordinated. Later the Italian General Staff refused to subscribe to such an agreement. The result was a loosely jointed, often halfhearted collaboration. On the part of the Italians it could not be understood that once the conflict with the British Empire had developed into a life-and-death struggle, it required the unification of all effort. The Italian General Staff was obviously jealous of the military accomplishments of our armies and

tried to emulate them, without wanting to realize that the achievement of a striking success demands the laying of a firm groundwork. When at last the suggestion of a unified command was made by the Italians, it was unacceptable because it would have involved a sharing of the responsibility for Italian reverses.

The Greek campaign, undertaken in the face of strong objections by the German side, was a military blunder of the first magnitude. The time, the place, and the circumstances were the worst that could have been chosen. Under existing conditions it was clear from the outset that a quick achievement of the principal objectives demanded the concentration of an overwhelming force. This was pointed out to the Italian army command in August, when they wanted to launch their drive into Greece simultaneously with the Somaliland campaign. In spite of these warnings, they let three months pass without doing anything about it.

ALTHOUGH it was known that the Greeks had concentrated more than 80 per cent of their available field forces for deployment around the so-called Metaxas Line, the attacking forces were insufficient. The equipment used was utterly unsuitable to the terrain. An organized supply service across the Adriatic Sea was practically nonexistent, the army in Albania being left to its own devices from the very start. There was no concentrated entry on the part of the Italian air force, which had just three modernly equipped bases on Albanian territory. When these bases were put out of commission by English bombing squadrons within a week after the launching of the Italian attack, the Italian air force was forced back to bases on the Italian mainland, and the invading forces were left without adequate air support. Our recommendation of a preliminary occupation of the Ionian Islands, which would have provided adequate air bases, was completely ignored. The Italian soldiers were sent into Greece in the belief that the whole thing would be a parade march. They had no established defense line in their rear on which to fall back in the event of failure. The whole affair was a typical case of overdone Italian braggadocio.

The Italian armies deploying from Libya are in an unenviable position. As was pointed out by this office in connection with General Ritter von Epp's African inspection trip of two months ago, the Libyan Desert terrain is utterly unsuitable as a base for military operations against a strong enemy force based on the country around the Nile delta.

Graziani's thinly drawn line could undertake a successful offensive operation only if assured adequate naval support. This, under present conditions, cannot be had. A penetration of Egypt from Libya is unthinkable so long as strong English naval forces dominate all sea approaches. Even the limited Italian advance along the coast of Egypt was an invitation to disaster.

The various makeshift moves proposed by the Italian General Staff reveal a complete lack of comprehension of the basic realities of the situation around the Mediterranean. Especially Rome's recent suggestion of an immediate Gibraltar offensive, under prevailing strategic and economic conditions, must be relegated into the realm of fairy tales.

Such a campaign would promise a doubtful success only in the event of a complete participation by the Spanish armies. As to this, the negotiations recently conducted with representatives of the Madrid government have clearly demonstrated that Spain is in no way prepared for any serious military enterprise.

Preconditions for a march of our armed forces through Spain in sufficient military strength are likewise negative. The principal Spanish means of communication are in a really pitiful condition. To get them into a somewhat useful condition would require a six-months job on the part of the O. T. The necessary organization of supply lines could be effected only by the use of coastal shipping. Such a solution would be currently impossible, due to the domination of the western Mediterranean by British naval forces.

BESIDES, the Gibraltar problem is one of secondary consequence. The determining factors of our war policy point with all clearness toward an unconditional overpowering of the English island kingdom.

Clearly, by its very geographic limitations Italy is confined to the passive role of holding the largest possible aggregation of English land and naval forces in the Mediterranean region. It is regrettable that Italian ambitions are flirting with plans the carrying out of which is absolutely beyond the capacity of Italian military and naval power. These ambitions have already led to serious setbacks. Their direct encouragement by way of direct military aid in the Greek campaign should be definitely ruled out.

The opposition of the framers of our foreign policy toward the elevation of France as a major partner on the continent, replacing Italy in this respect, is regrettable. In spite of her disastrous defeat, France still represents a more formidable military potential than does Italy. Besides, Spanish co-ordination to the continental policy is conditional upon the reaching of a definite understanding with France.

The extent of promised Japanese participation in the common war effort is still an unknown factor. While Japan is making preparation for a vigorous drive into the British position in southeast Asia, the extent of such preparations is still obscure. There is a suspicion that the Japanese General Staff may hold back until certain of the success of the great offensive on the British Isles. This would not be enough. Tokyo should be made to understand once more that her assigned role is to draw the largest possible number of British naval and air forces into the East Indian archipelago, even at the risk of intervention by the United States. Once English resistance has been crushed, the opportunities to buy America off will be enhanced.

All conferences with Moscow, past and present, demonstrate clearly that Russia will not participate in military operations until she is convinced of a break-up of the British Empire. The Russian forces in Central Asia will march only when assured of meeting with little resistance. The solution of the Russo-Japanese problem lies entirely within the hands of the Foreign Office. So long as this problem is not solved on a permanent basis, Russia must be considered a factor of unknown quality.

IT is futile at this time to invite a discussion of plans for future campaigns in Africa or Asia. Any Italian or Japanese inquiries must be sidetracked as inviting a dispersal of effort. No commitments must be made to any one, as they would seriously endanger our present military purpose. The same applies to Russian urgings regarding a clarification of the Balkan problem.

Comment by Wythe Williams: In view of the stupendous Nazi activities in the various conquered countries, as shown in this report, not to mention the long diplomatic parleys followed by military maneuvers that have practically turned Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria into vassal states, also the necessary juggling with Russia and Japan, plus the hypodermics administered to Italy, it seems clear that Hitler would not have attempted the invasion of England last autumn even if not one soldier had guarded the shores of the island kingdom. He simply did not possess the physical means.

The report of the German Supreme Command here sounds the note that runs as an undertone of a litany throughout the entire document—England must be destroyed:

Overpowering of the English island kingdom will lead to the solution of all outstanding problems, including those with Russia, Japan, Italy, and even the United States of America.

Exactly what part is Germany's air force to play in the all-out attempt to "destroy" England? Has it 30,000 planes ready? Or more? How does it compare—in Nazi belief—with England's air strength? Why was it unequal to the assault last year, and how has it been built up despite the R. A. F. bombing raids? Hitler's Air Ministry's definite, secret answers are known to Wythe Williams, verbatim. In Liberty next week!

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THE years when children are between five and fifteen try the souls of those who have them in charge. In these growing-up years, children discover they have minds of their own. They are curious and critical about everything, skeptical and argumentative. They are inclined to discover weaknesses in adults and are wont to play on them, enjoying their power to do so. They are disposed to dramatize themselves, to act in the literal sense of the word. They have to try new ways and things themselves, they look for excitement and want to "do something" every minute; but, paradoxically, they expect and want conservatism in their elders.

BY DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE

HOW THE Quints

Exclusive! — A fascinating, candid report from the man who knows most about them

Up at the home of the Dionne quintuplets we are having to cope with many of the same growing-up problems all other elders have to face. We are saved from some of the hardest because we have five young children in our household instead of the one or two in the average family. Growing-up difficulties are often greatest for parents who have only one child, for in these growing-up years children seem to learn more common sense from their contacts with other children than from adults.

Every day we have interesting evidence that these "miracle babies," Annette, Cécile, Marie, Emilie, and Yvonne Dionne, are babies no longer but are fast becoming young ladies. Their physical progress is, of course, apparent to all. At this writing they average 54 pounds in weight and 46¼ inches in height. These figures are normal for children of their age (they will be seven next May 28) and heredity.

In nearly all respects they are now "true to form," considering they are *identicals*, in being very much alike in physique and intelligence. The only marked difference in them physically is that Emilie is left-handed. But Marie deviates from the norm for the five in her eyesight. Her right eye is weak. It has shown improvement, due to the regimen of exercise we have carried out, and there is reason to hope she may escape having to wear glasses. Considering that about one child in four or five has defective vision, it is not remarkable that one of the quints lacks perfect eyesight.

In all other respects Marie is normal. I think it necessary to state this, and emphatically, because of a popular legend that she isn't. This was given new currency recently when the author of a book on multiple births declared that not only one, but all the quints are "somewhat retarded mentally." Unfortunately, when this book appeared, some re-

views stressed this statement, without questioning its accuracy, and it got headline attention in newspapers.

The newspapers could have, by exercising a normal amount of journalistic enterprise, discovered that intelligence tests made within the last year by Ontario Board of Education experts for the government, show Marie is the equal of her sisters in all respects, now that her vision is no handicap. All of the little girls were found to be above the mental average for their age.

"Average." That is what all of us who have their welfare at heart want them to be. They are the most unusual and interesting children in modern history through an accident of birth, but they are not geniuses and we don't want them to be. There is no grown-up prodigy who, looking back, hasn't wished he or she hadn't been a genius, a freak.

The quints have minds of their own now and they express themselves. In fact, they have a saying that surprised me the first time I heard it, for I couldn't imagine where they picked it up. It is, "Think with your head." Well, the quints are "thinking with their heads," and they show no signs of regarding themselves as freaks.

The commentator to whom I referred earlier, who characterized the quints as "somewhat retarded mentally," makes much of the fact that they were slow in learning to talk. This is true, but it is no evidence of any arrested mentality. Some children are naturally slower in talking than others, particularly premature children. That author ought to know the quints now! They bombard everything around them with conversation all day, and it's as hard to get them to stop talking at night when they go to bed as it is any children sleeping in the same room.

Some psychologists have repeatedly made public criticism of us for permitting the children to be seen by the public. Yet we have been constantly importuned by psychologists to allow *them* to keep the children under constant observation! They want to submit the children to all sorts of tests and examinations that would make the children far more like goldfish.

Let me say here that I am for removing the quints from public showings the minute there are any signs the showings are spoiling them or making them unhappy. I know that all their guardians feel the same way. In the meantime we can and must recognize the fact that thousands of persons come to Ontario every year for the specific purpose of seeing these children, and that the surest means of insuring them a great deal of privacy is to allow the sight-seers to look at them a brief period each day.

The quints are critical of adults they meet and see. They always comment on the clothes worn by the women. Cécile is particularly clothes-conscious, and has very definite ideas about what she should wear.

Children usually have a natural faculty for being candid about things. It is a valuable trait and it shouldn't be discouraged. Rather, parents should try to train this honesty of expression by showing children how to avoid offending persons by their remarks. This is something we are having to contend with right now. When Annette, Cécile, Marie, Yvonne, and Emilie see something they like or dislike about any one in the nursery, they speak right out about it.

I know that all of us who have children have been driven at one time or another to exclaim, "Oh, don't ask so many questions!" just to gain a little peace and quiet.

But what we must keep in mind is that this bump of inquisitiveness that keeps showing itself so annoyingly is a proof that your child is the possessor of an active mind. And that, of course, is something we should be glad to see and to want to develop. And we cannot ignore the fumbling questions it prompts or reply to the posers facetiously without impairing the child's respect. No one likes to have his seriously spoken questions laughed at or ignored.

The right response, when little Johnny catches you with a question you can't answer, is to tell him you don't know and to offer to find out as soon as you can and tell him. Whenever possible, this promise should be kept. If he is old enough to read, it's a good idea to refer him to reference works in the home and show him how to use them.

The quints are having the three Rs now, of course, but they can't read well enough for us to send them to reference books. We are satisfying their curiosity about their natural surroundings by having an Ontario Forestry Service representative put on a sort of one-man Information Please program for them at intervals. They will have musical instruction from a regular teacher, and they're looking forward to it, for they love to listen to music. A great many kinds of experts are offered to us as teachers, but we are carefully avoiding overdoing the instruction. As I explained, we aren't trying to raise any prodigies.

The quints are no less critical of themselves than of adults. Nearly every time they see pictures of themselves, they comment realistically on some point—how one is standing with her legs so far apart, another's faulty dress or the way her hair is done. After they did a broadcast for the Canadian government, a recording was sent to the nursery and it was played for them on a phonograph. "Emilie, you sang too fast. You didn't wait for us." "Cécile, you sang too loud." These were typical reactions.

They are definitely male-conscious now. The first time they were photographed by a woman photographer, they were annoyed about it. And they ascribed her presence to the fact that Emilie had done too much "face-making" last time they were photographed by a man! Their nurses are unmarried, and naturally they have "dates." The quints are deeply interested in all the young men calling for the nurses, and are outspoken about their choices. One favorite didn't show up for several weeks because of a quarantine in his home. The quints didn't know this and worried about his absence. They told the nurse: "If the quints write Mr. ——, he'll come see you again."

They love to write letters and sign their names, and this creative urge to express themselves is something it is wise to encourage in children. They got a thrill a few weeks ago when in response to a request from the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, they all autographed a picture of themselves for their former king and guardian and his wife. (A copy of it, the first autographed photo of them to be published, is on the cover of this issue of Liberty.) They were equally thrilled by the receipt of letters from sailors overseas who got Christmas ditty bags packed by the quints for the Navy League of Canada. Yes, they are conscious of the war and some of its import. We couldn't keep it from them, and we didn't want to. Children must learn early that there is tragedy as well as joy in the world.

They were almost in tears a few weeks ago, when their great-aunt, Grace Demers, trapped a mouse in the kitchen. "A little mouse like that wouldn't do any harm," Annette argued. "Even if it did harm, it shouldn't have been killed," Cécile added. Miss Demers was in disgrace.

All this would seem to indicate that the quints are alike in personality and talent. But the most significant thing about them is that there are marked differences in these respects, considering their identical environment and training. Their reactions in many situations are as different as if they were children of five different families. We look for these differences to continue to develop. Eventually they will be able to live apart, each according to her own bent.

THE END

RE GROWING UP

READING TIME ● 1 MINUTE 56 SECONDS

Stopover at Gibraltar

Liberty's True Short Short
by Enrico Caruso, Jr.

IN the fall of the year 1916 my father left Italy for the last time —bound for New York. Then, as now, the war was raging and there was a scarcity of coal in Italy, so the ship on which father was traveling had to put in at Gibraltar for supplies. The captain announced there would be a stopover of two days, so father decided he would like to spend some time ashore. He and an old friend of his (a Spanish count who was traveling on the same boat) hired an open carriage and proceeded to see the sights.

After visiting the famous Rock and other points of interest, father suggested a drive over the country road that led to the town of Algeciras on the Spanish mainland. It was a beastly hot day and the horses' hoofs were raising a lot of dust. Father became thirsty and asked the Count where they might obtain a cooling drink. The Count asked the cabby in Spanish, and he suggested a near-by tavern.

The host was paunchy and ferocious-looking with his handle-bar mustachios. Father and the Count ordered their drinks. While they were waiting for the host to bring them, my father noticed a billboard with the picture of a very good-looking and dashing young toreador. He and the Count were discussing the poster when the host returned with the drinks. "Who is that dashing young man?" the Count inquired in Spanish. The host countered, "Are you Spanish?" Receiving an affirmative answer, he thundered, "You a Spaniard! And you do not know who that is? Why, *that* is Don Joselito! The greatest, the bravest, the most valiant, the most daring, the best-looking of all the bullfighters in *all* of Spain. *Caramba,* every time he kills the bull he earns *ten thousand pesetas!*"

The Count translated this harangue for my father, who was very much amused by the violent and excited gesticulations of the host, and of course he let out one of his sonorous ringing laughs. The host became very irate and demanded to know just "*what* was the *señor* laughing at?"

"Tell him," said my father to the Count, "that when *I* work, I do not have to kill any bull, yet I earn *twice* as much as his Don Joselito!"

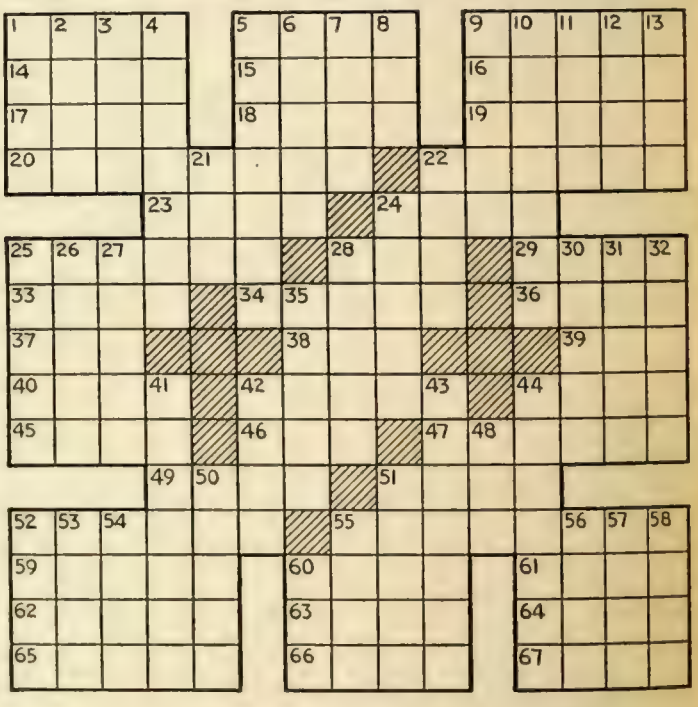
"Twice as much as Don Joselito?" the host repeated incredulously. "That is impossible! Only one man . . ." Then, his eyes becoming as large as saucers, he looked and looked at my father. Throwing himself on one knee at father's feet, he cried out, "*Madre de Dios!* You *are* Caruso!"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin



HORIZONTAL

1 Examine
5 Coin
9 Intelligent
14 Part of the ear
15 Hodgepodge
16 Pivotal
17 Aluminum sulphate
18 Slender string or cord
19 Obliterate
20 Stewed fish
22 Gaudy
23 Sovereign's title
24 Capsule
25 Not connected with
28 Metal
29 Not as much
33 Part of the face (pl.)
34 Ventured
36 University
37 Commotion
38 Spasmodic twitching
39 Beverage
40 Slave
42 Wooden image
44 Stocked to overflowing
45 Large woody plant
46 Number
47 One who acts for another (pl.)
49 Such, and no more
51 Street urchin
52 Glittering assemblage
55 Got off
59 Like an old woman
60 Spirit
61 Language of Scotch Highlanders
62 Large stream
63 Knob
64 Thunderous sound
65 Fortunate
66 Wild animal
67 Unfermented grape juice

VERTICAL

1 Shut violently
2 African tree
3 Border upon
4 Retributive justice
5 Tinted
6 Socially elect
7 Number
8 Part of the foot
9 Period (colloq.)
10 Ethically
11 Exclamation
12 Foolhardy
13 Playing card
21 Pot cover
22 Discover
24 Portion
25 Violent, sudden gust of wind
26 Large marine duck
27 Minute grain in certain plants
28 Hackneyed
30 Consumed
31 Rain mingled with snow
32 Line of junction (pl.)
35 Make amends for
41 Women
42 Conservative politically
43 Sailor
44 Confines in certain limits
48 Fish
50 Put forth
51 Part of knife
52 Dress
53 Indigo
54 Exist
55 Lily-like plant
56 Horse's gait
57 Son of Jacob and Rebecca
58 Combining form: Skin
60 Finish, or termination

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Here's how TO GET MORE FUN OUT OF FISHING

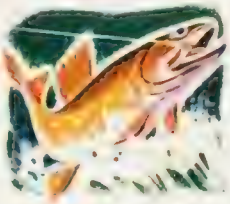
by Bob Edge — NOTED EXPERT ON HUNTING AND FISHING

1. If You Use a Wet Fly for angling, try these five patterns: Light Cahill, Dark Cahill, Quill Gordon, Hare's Ear and Ginger Quill.

2. For Dry Fly Fishing most experts like these five patterns: Evening Dun, Black Gnat, Brown Hackle, Hendrickson, Olive Quill.

3. If Flies Won't Work, use bait. Wise old trout, for example, find such bait as minnows and nightwalkers more tempting than flies.

4. Form in Casting is desirable. But it is far more important to know where the fish are—and then to place your lure *accurately*.



5. Fish have Feeding Habits which depend on the weather and seasons. Learn their habits; be on hand when they're hungry.

6. Be sure that you have a license. Money spent for fishing privileges comes back in the form of restocked streams.

FOR BEST RESULTS, give your fishing equipment careful treatment. Dry your lines after use. Clean the ferrules on your rod; clean your reels, too.

Keep your fly or lure active while it's in the water. Movement attracts fish. And wet flies, streamers and bucktails should be fished well under the surface. When stream or lake fishing, travel quietly—don't disturb the fish. If a pool is being fished by someone else, be a good sport—pick another spot.

Thank you, Bob Edge, for furnishing those fishing tips!

We've been "casting around" for the right whiskey at bars and package stores—and it's Seagram's 5 Crown for us! It's *smooth* and *mild*—and has a way all its own of adding an *extra* tingle to cocktail or highball.

It doesn't "put the bite" on your budget, either . . . so enjoy the difference that Seagram's 5 Crown makes!

AND Here's how TO GET A LINE ON WHISKEY VALUE

1. Sip Seagram's 5 Crown. Taken straight, it offers a new kind of smoothness.
2. And in mixed drinks, note how it adds a delicious, palate-tingling zest.
3. *Controlled blending* keeps this whiskey *better-tasting*—every drop of it.
4. 150 million bottles (all sizes) sold since 1934. *It must give real satisfaction!*
5. It's priced to give you extra value. Today, be sure to ask for . . .

Here's how . . .

SAY SEAGRAM'S AND BE SURE!

Seagram's 5 Crown

—BIGGEST-SELLING BRAND of the *Greatest Name in Whiskey!*

Blended whiskey. 90 proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits. Copyright 1941, Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

BY NILLA CRAM COOK

Here's revealing news and a message from a land beset with danger

ISMET INONU

TURKEY ADVISES America: STAY OUT OF THE War!

ISTANBUL, TURKEY.

TURKEY only, of the countries in Asia, has proved that it is possible to throw out the European imperialists and beat them at their own game of industrial and military organization.

Ever since the pact was signed welding Turkey, Iran, Irak, and Afghanistan, the desire for Turkish leadership has been increasing. It rose to undreamed-of heights when, after the fall of France, Turkey remained unafraid in the face of very real danger. She would have only to speak the word and the Moslem countries would rise as one against British imperialism. Ismet Inonu, if he so desired, could be the "Führer of the Colonies."

That is why von Papen has been sent here as ambassador. From his mouth honey drips; he is charming and witty. He has unlimited funds for propaganda. But, to his amazement, he finds that no one wants his money. One newspaper, the Republic, touched some of it, and was promptly suppressed for the suggestion that "Germany is the coming Power and we should treat it as such." Von Papen's main work here was with the Russian ambassador. It was done in the middle of the Bosporous. There, in a rowboat, they sat for two nights. The next day von Papen went to Germany. Immediately after his reception by von Ribbentrop, the latter left for Moscow, and Poland knows the rest.

No Turk will betray his chief. Today, in all Turkey, only the Armenians are touched by German propaganda.

In Ankara last week the United Press man showed me a cable he had just sent trying to explain why Ankara, and the whole of Turkey, was completely unruffled by the arrival of the Germans on the Black Sea. It read: "Turkey is calm because she has just received definite assurance that if Germany attacks the Dardanelles *she can count on the aid of Russia to defend them.*"

I asked a high government official what he knew of this. Of course, no one knew anything about it. It was pure invention. But the reaction of the Turkish official is interesting:

"What? *We* count on Russia to defend us? Russia had better count on *us!*"

I said to Foreign Minister Saracoglu: "You are so much calmer here than they are in America. How do you account for it?"

"Tell your Americans," he replied, "that if they would make up their minds about things, one way or the other, they would be calm. We are calm *because we have made a decision.* Panic and hysteria are the results of indecision. If we were hesitating before two possibilities, we would ere now have been destroyed."

For over a hundred years the decaying Ottoman Empire was a stamping ground for propaganda. Incited by it, the Turks made blunder after blunder. Then one day they woke up. They cleaned out the Ottoman regime and threw out the Europeans who had promised themselves various pieces of a defeated Turkey as colonies. With national freedom came national education. A Turkish child, reading the paper, will sniff, "This smells of propaganda!" Vatan, a few weeks ago, warned the British propaganda office recently established in Turkey: "We won't tolerate propaganda from our allies any more than from our enemies."

Last week Vatan invited a thirteen-year-old boy from one of the big rural training schools, or "village institutes," to visit Istanbul. We asked him, "What do you think of the occupation of Rumania by the Germans?"

"They came as uninvited guests," he said.

When we asked him, "What would you do to an uninvited guest?" he replied, "If one came to my house in my village, I would feed him, for God comes in the guise of a guest. I wouldn't mind giving him food. But if an uninvited guest came to my greater home—my country—one of us, of course, would have to die!"

"Hitler will find an immovable rock in the form of Turkey standing in the way of his southern and eastern march," Yeni Saba said at the end of its editorial on Bulgaria. "The Finns and the Turks are the only two peoples in Europe who took a definite stand, and who have an internal strength of the tribal sort to keep the advance work of the invaders out."

The Turks feel that for the selfish purposes of Turkey—as for those of England and enslaved Europe—it would be a wonderful thing for America to enter the war as she did before. "But if *we* had those oceans around us, with the lessons we have learned from the past, we would never go to die for other people! We would do exactly what we're doing now: build up our defenses to the maximum—the course a cool-headed America, unmoved by emotion and, like Turkey, immune to propaganda, would take. But of course, for *our* sake, we would like to see America in!"

The Foreign Minister said to me: "You know how the war will end, don't you? When the people are fed up, there will be a general strike throughout the world and the war-makers will be left all alone! We are the advance guard and have already gone on strike. We won't fight unless we are actually attacked. That's the best we can do to show the rest of the world the way!"

So this great, rich Asia Minor, full of ancient magic and mysterious forgotten kingdoms, is inspired by the genuine light of Asia for the cause of peace.

THE END

This MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

I THOUGHT that there was money appropriated to construct these camps. If it was, then why do soldiers have to bust rocks on Sundays, their only day off? It would not matter, if it was only a man or two on the extra detail, but it is whole companies. Why is this?

Corporal, Camp Bowie, Tex.

Something about this made Old Sarge cock his eye. So, before printing, he wrote to the Commanding Officer at Camp Bowie quoting the above paragraph from a letter, asking whether the General cared to comment. Now in receipt of a fine patient letter from Major General Claude V. Birkhead, commanding. Excerpts:

(This is an example of) "the constant small 'drop' of distrust wearing away at the confidence of the home folks.

"The 'rock busting' on Sunday or any other day is a pure figment of this soldier's imagination. First, there is no rock to bust, as the Constructing Q. M. has furnished in great abundance a mixture of crushed rock and caliche for the building of walks in all company streets. There was no reason to break rocks, or for any general fatigue to take place on Sunday, which it does not. There is offtime work, of course, beautifying their particular part of camp or quarters, that soldiers engage in on their own. High morale results in the desire that each tent, each company, etc., stand out.

"I really believe your young correspondent was blue or broke or his girl had not written to him. Something made him kind of sore at the world, and he took it out on the usual targets, his officers, his grub, and his fatigue duty.

"The morale in this camp is as fine as I've ever seen in any camp."

Thanks, General. I'm ashamed of you, Corporal. And, men: remember, you are entitled only to *honest* criticism.

What about the training of enlisted men as air pilots, Sarge, when this country needs fighter pilots? Everybody agrees the best age for combat flying is nineteen to about twenty-four, and yet a man must have two years of college to qualify for wings. I'm not asking this with any thought of a commission. I grant an officer should be a college man. But I do maintain the average college man doesn't measure up to our top-notch enlisted personnel in toughness and grit, and as to intelligence, I fail to see why two years of college would make me a better pilot.

The enlisted men I refer to are graduates of high school, and some started in college but had to quit because of finances. Suppose they had done freshman and sophomore years—would that make them any better flying material? I just ask you, Sarge.

It is true some enlisted men are being trained, but so few it hardly matters.

C. D. H., Naval Air Station, Pearl Harbor.

All European armies use noncommissioned officers as pilots. We have not done so to any extent here for several reasons: 1. Our proportion of college men is vastly greater than in any European country. 2. We have not needed big numbers of pilots because we've had no planes for them. 3. The cadet schools of Army and Navy turned out sufficient pilots by taking the very cream of men they trained. But I agree heartily with you, and as the emergency increases, enlisted personnel will certainly be trained.

Can I enlist for service in Hawaii or other United States possessions? Can a man who has his draft number but has not been called enlist in any large city, or must he enlist where he registered? Does pay begin with enlistment?

M. C., New York State.

A three-year enlistment entitles recruit to name his preference of station, and he will be sent there if vacancies exist. You may enlist anywhere. Pay begins on final acceptance into the Army.

Last week I strained my back horsing around with the boys. The sarge sent me to infirmary. Ye gods! Pills and tape. After a week I was going nuts. Couldn't walk. Took matters in my own hands and saw a chiropractor. He said something about a subluxated vertebra, gave a hitch and a twist, and I walked out feeling fine. How's about chiros in this Army?

Private, Fort Ord, Calif.

For injuries like yours chiropractors are certainly the men. Liberty has many times spoken of their merit.

As per request of Tenor Sax (January 25 Liberty) for soldier songs. This isn't any Irving Berlin effort but just a simple tune they can all sing. Dedicated to the boys at Fort Dix:

While the war clouds shift and roar
Nearer, nearer to our shore,
Hoist our signboard clear to view,
"Hands off—Keep out—That means YOU!"

Hands off America—we're awake, and the world we defy!
Hands off America—from the land, from the sea, from the sky!
We'll guard America, fight for America.
God save America, keep her safe, keep her strong, keep her free!

Marjorie Hope, Providence, R. I.

Old Sarge likes this one. Miss Hope sent along the music, which is being forwarded to Tenor Sax.

Courage wins again—The gay, heart-warming story of a gallant love that faced the years with laughter

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Two can live...

By MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

IT was worse than the year they had been too poor to marry, when Jessie's mother didn't approve of William and everything had looked hopeless until he got the job in the bicycle factory.

Amy didn't want them both, and Elsie couldn't afford them both. This seemed fairer, the children said, and Jessie and William quickly agreed before the shame of the thing got quite out into daylight.

But married people can't visit each other without feeling pretty homeless. When people visit each other, they must talk brightly; and after you've been married forty years you have passed all necessity for small talk.

She and William hardly ever used words when they talked with each other. Unless, of course, they were trying to keep something from each other.

That comes from being married forty years; a lot of life can flow under forty years, and not much of life ever gets itself said in words. The real language of living is in looks, and in quick little touches, and sometimes in talking about one thing in order to explain something else with your hearts. William never was a great one to talk, anyway. Except about politics and things like that. William usually had some good plan which he couldn't see why the government wasn't adopting or his boss wasn't putting into the plant. William was a great one for thinking of fine big plans. But the trouble with William's life was that it had never been big enough to accommodate his big plans. William *thought* the size of a sheet, but his life was the size of a handkerchief.

Jessie always understood that, even when she was young, before they'd had to go through all the things they had gone through together. But people can't think together so easily with a city between them. When they had had their own little house, Jessie could see what he was thinking as if it were on a little motion-picture screen. She could see him thinking her hair was just as cute now, with its babyish curls around her ears, as it had been when those curls were dark.

"I married me a brunette, but I always hankered after a blonde, and by golly, after fifteen twenty years of waitin' I got me a light-haired girl," William used to say sometimes.

So here he'd be looking fondly at her curls, and then he'd slide off that to the fact that they had turned white and he was no closer to being on Easy Street than he'd ever been. I shoulda done better someway, she could see William thinking. A man ought to make something substantial after working all his life. . . . What's been wrong with me, anyway? She'd see him wondering if maybe she might have been better off if she'd married some more up-and-coming feller. And then she would get up and go sit on his pudgy little knee and say:

"Honey, I had a letter from my sister this morning. All about their big fine house, and I couldn't help thinking how sorry I am for poor Catherine." He'd take his pipe out of his mouth and rub the back of his hand across his lips like a kid, the way he did when he was going to kiss her pretty soon, and he'd say:

"Well, she got what she wanted, didn't she? Fred's been a good provider. Better'n the guy you married, Mrs. Sampson."

"Why, *William* . . . how can you say such a thing?"

"Sure. Ask anybody." He'd grin at her, squinting up one blue eye and maybe pulling a curl down over her ear.

"Who would know . . . besides me?" she'd say. "That's one subject I'm an authority on. I guess maybe it's the only one I really do know much about. To hear Amy tell it, anyway."

"Amy!" he'd say disgustedly. "The trouble with Amy is, she's too smart to know anything. Nothing keeps you from finding out stuff like already knowing everything." And there you'd be, safely past that dark dangerous swamp of discouragement and worry . . . sputtering about Amy, who had married their son Bill and was making a big success of Bill.

No. Words between people who've been married forty years, aren't for explaining things; they're for leading you past places it does no good to think about, into the everyday sunshine of petty, good-natured gossiping, into the firelight of rich sunset remembering.

The really vital things people say they live without words. Like that terrible night two years ago. She knew when she saw him get off the streetcar that something had happened. He looked as if a big blotter had smacked down on him, leaving him blurred and unsteady. She watched him, through the lace curtains, shuffling among the autumn leaves, and she heard the gate groan as he pushed it open, and she was mumbling a wild nursery-rhyme kind of prayer and the roof of her mouth was cold.

When he came in he got the sag out of his knees; but his eyes, behind those funny gold-rimmed glasses that were supposed to make you look younger, were so bright that if he'd been a different kind of man you'd have thought he was going to burst into sobs.

"What've we got for dinner, Missy?" he said. "I could eat the hind leg of an elephant tonight."

"You always could put on a hat with more style than any girl I ever saw. You've got dash, Jessie, no use talking."

"That's just what we've got," she said, keeping from kissing him because she knew that wouldn't help him just now. "I asked 'em to send over a nice can of salmon, but when I got it cooked up, it turned out to be the hind leg of an elephant."

All through dinner he kept talking, and pushing his escalloped salmon around his plate, hoping it would get lost. After they'd finished the farce of eating baked apple, he got out a cigar, and that really did scare her.

"S-somebody had a baby at the plant?" she said.

"Nope," he said, looking as if the acrid richness would strangle him. "Young Parsons give it to me. We had a kind of a talk, him and me."

"THAT'S nice," she said, and made a clatter about scraping the plates. "What'd he have to say?"

"Oh, this and that. One thing and another."

She went out to the garbage can on their little back stoop. She thought the house was suffocating her. But she knew he had to do it his own way.

"Leave the dishes," he said. "I'll help you with 'em later."

"You get me into terrible habits," she said. "Amy says no wonder I'm not much of a housekeeper."

"Amy!" he said eloquently, without going into the whole paragraph. But it did set him thinking about something else. When they went into the parlor and turned on Amos 'n' Andy, she could tell it had started him thinking on another tack.

"I tell you what," he said. "Why *should* you have to be chained to being a good housekeeper all your life?"

"Why, Will . . . you know I don't like anything better'n . . ."

"Well, I been thinking," he said. "Been thinking a lot lately. I practically made up my mind it's time you and me got out of a few ruts we're in."

Dear Lord, she said to herself, please leave us in our darling little rut. . . . Out loud, very casually, she asked:

"What d'you mean, honey?"

"Well, I been thinking. Time we got out and saw a little of the world. We've raised our children, we've paid our taxes . . . maybe it's time we had some fun for ourselves."

"I see what you mean," she said, and her tongue was made of cotton batting. They'd have to *go* some place. . . .

"I said to young Parsons today, 'I've a mind to give up this fool job . . . what's the sense of a man slaving all his life for somebody else? . . . What'd I get out of it?' . . . And he said . . ." He rubbed his hand bewilderedly across his eyes, and his forehead throbbed so you could see it. They sat there stricken, and Brother Crawford whined on, unlistened to.

"Good," Jessie said when she could trust her voice. "I'm just glad you told him."

"It was all very pleasant," William said. "He said . . . he said if I'd really made up my mind he wouldn't want to stop me . . . and he sent me down to the bookkeeper to get an envelope he'd got ready for me . . ." Poor William was too distraught to notice this slip, and she hurried in so he wouldn't realize.

"You rascal! How long've you been planning something like this?" she said. "I've seen you looking kind of roguish lately."

"Course there wasn't as much as you might expect in the envelope," he said, getting the worst over quickly, "but times are pretty bad, I guess, and the stockholders, and one thing another . . . But I tell you what I thought we'd do with it."

"What'll we do with it, honey?"

"We'll get ourselves a trailer. Maybe not a brand-new trailer, but something anyway, and we'll start out . . ."

That's how it had happened that winter that they had wandered around, writing cheerful letters home to Amy and Bill, and to Elsie and Sam, saying what a swell time they were having. Sitting home and thinking about it, you'd think it was great; you'd think a useful man like Will could pick up a lot of odd jobs to do. Selling gadgets, representing some line. But nothing seemed to come of anything these days.

WELL, that was over, anyway. The way things worked out with their little house, they thought they might as well be living in it as to let those people have it without paying their rent. So they came home. Amy said it had all been absurd.

"It's all right for youngsters to be impetuous," Amy had said, "but you people are old enough to know better."

"You'd think so," Jessie said meekly. Jessie never argued with Amy; seemed best.

That was why, when the time came, it was she who went to live with Amy and Bill. Of course they never called it "going to live with them." And indeed there was very little living about it. There was only prolonged apology for being, utter negation in every act, a hopeless futile attempt to obliterate oneself. They called it visiting the children for a while.

This is how it came about. The bank became nasty about their payments on the house. William went down and talked to them and they gave him another thirty days. They mentioned Bill tentatively, but William wasn't having any of that.

"The way I figure," he said to Jessie, "it's better not to get in debt to your relatives. If you've got to owe money, you're better off having it plain out-and-out business."

Jessie, unknown to William, went to see Bill. But Amy was there, so she couldn't seem to get the words out. Not without making William look . . . well, foolish, sort of, and small . . . before Amy.

So in the end, of course, they had to let the house go.

"You know what I've been figuring?" William said. "I've about made up my mind to wash my hands of this house. What d'we need with a house anyway, just us two? What we ought to have is a cute little apartment. A house is too much work for you. What d'you say if we just dump it on the bank and we look around a little?"

"Why . . . why, I think that would be all right." She had been getting ready for weeks to say it, so they weren't difficult words, after all. "I wouldn't mind having a nice little flat somewhere. Like when we first went to housekeeping," she said. "Seems to me like we never did have such a home as that one. Two rooms on the third floor, and rights to the bathroom on the fourth floor . . ."

"And you putting up watermelon pickles and preserves on a one-burner gas plate."

"You know what I wish?" Jessie said. "I wish we could just live right through the whole thing all over again."

He started to say something bitter, and then she saw him square the shoulders of his courage. "Well, come on, then," he said. "What's stopping us?"

A lot of things were. Of course Amy *would* have taken them both in, if they'd put it up to her that way. Amy would have been real decent. Amy, and everybody she knew, was always being "awfully decent about things." But Jessie couldn't bear to have it that way. Amy always made William feel old and small. She treated him as if he didn't know anything. A few months in Amy's house, and William would never find a job again. . . .

So Jessie said, "Amy dear, how'd you like it if I came over and got some nice preserves put up for you and Bill? He loves those peaches of mine."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly bother with homemade peaches," Amy said. "But if you want to come for a while, why, all right. But, to be perfectly frank, my dear, I do wish dad . . ."

"Oh, dad can't come," Jessie said. "He's promised to help Sam and Elsie paint their dining room. You know the children are just crazy about William . . ."

"You could do up some sewing for us," Amy said. "I've promised some Red Cross work, and of course I'm just as busy as I can be."

SO she went to stay with Amy and Bill. They'd made over their cardroom at the head of the stairs into a sewing room to show how earnest Amy was about war work. They put a curtain in the archway, and Jessie had a cozy little day bed. The only thing was, she could hear practically everything in the house, from Amy nagging Bill to the cook crying in the attic. They had lots of company in the evenings, but she always kept out of the way. And she could

listen to the radio, or rather she couldn't help listening to it, because the stairs acted as a kind of megaphone up to her room. But they had only very refined music.

William said, "Don't be silly. Just tell 'em you always listen to Amos 'n' Andy. Or maybe I can bring you over a little radio of your own one of these days."

They saw each other every day practically, although their children's homes were at opposite ends of the city. Amy couldn't bear Elsie, and Sam was jealous of Bill's success. But that wasn't to stand in anybody's way.

"Just feel perfectly free," everybody said to them. But they couldn't. William would mumble in a guilty whisper, and she herself couldn't think of much chatter.

"Ran into Ed yesterday. Says he might like me to help him next spring if he gets that garage going. I could check work in and out, and send out bills, and keep the books."

"That'd be fine, honey." All night in her lonely little day bed she went over their life, year by year, looking for some one they used to know who could help them now with some kind of work for Will. But people had all died, or had gone to live with their children . . .

"What say we go out for a walk?"

"Unless you think it's too cold. How about a little rummy?"

"No; let's go out. You tell Amy I'm sorry I missed her."

YOU can see how humiliating it all was. So, after a few weeks of trying to visit back and forth in their children's houses, they got into the habit of meeting downtown.

In one way, it was kind of fun, meeting in a hotel lobby and sitting there talking, just as if you'd not slept side by side for forty years, thinking each other's thoughts, watching each other grow smaller and dumplinger year by year.

"New hat, honey?"

"Just something I fixed up. Like it?"

"You always could put on a hat with more style than any girl I ever saw. You've got dash, Jessie, no use talking."

"Go way," she said, getting out her dimple. "Is that the Herald? I haven't seen the funnies lately. We read the Transcript at our house."

"I'll leave it with you," William said. "Orphan Annie's on a desert island again."

They talked and talked, but it never seemed quite like themselves. Probably because they did talk and talk. But you can't just sit in a hotel lobby, the way you can in your own parlor, thinking along together about nothing much in particular. You're supposed to have something to say—something to do, the way everybody else has.

Going home on the trolley, she read Orphan Annie, and then she thought she'd just see what furnished flats

You'll like yeast this new way

PETE: You're sure full of the old whoop-de-do! Been eating yeast again?
MILDRED: No . . . drinking it! Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice is simply divine!

PETE: Baby, you hit the jack-pot there! I remember how swell life looked when I was eating yeast.
MILDRED: Well, you'll never have to leave it again. It's delicious in tomato juice . . . tastes like oven-fresh bread, and the longer I stay with it, the more I like it.

PETE: O.K., I'll give it another whirl. I always knew the experts were right when they said "yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex."
MILDRED: Oh, that's been proved long ago. But maybe you're not getting enough of these vitamins. Drink yeast first thing in the morning, last thing at night . . . See if the world doesn't get brighter!

MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!

Fleischmann's *Fresh* Yeast

DRINK IT . . . TO YOUR HEALTH!

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rented for these days. Just as a matter of curiosity. Say each of the children gave 'em so much a week . . . just at first. Her dim old eyes wandered up and down the want ads, and then she saw it.

It wasn't in the real-estate columns; it was in the Help Wanted, Female. It said:

No experience necessary. Pleasant work for an elderly woman. Small pay but pleasant surroundings.

A wild adventurousness was suddenly flaming through her. During nights of lying awake grieving, during all the extremities of her life, she had never thought of this way out. But that was because never before had she been one person alone, free to decide things for herself.

She read the ad again, and this time she was calmer and even more daring. Why not, good heavens! The job she had now had no pay, and the surroundings . . . well, never mind the surroundings.

She got off the car at the next stop, and went back.

The address was a dingy office building on the edge of the business section. She went up in a creaky elevator, mumbling madly. She knew how people asked for jobs; William had told her hundreds of times in the last year. "So I just said to him, 'Listen, young feller. If you think . . .'"

But when she stood in the presence of the fat young man who said yes, he was Mr. Glasker, she couldn't think of a thing to say.

"Come in answer," he said laconically. "Well, the pay is ten dollars a week. You go on at eleven and off at seven." It sounded more like an electric light than a job, she thought in a hysterical gulp.

"What . . . what kind of work is it?"

"We operate a chain of drugstore lunch counters. We need a dumbwaiter woman. Sit-down work. Mostly sandwiches and three steam-table specials. Think you could do it?"

"Oh, yes," she said, having no idea at all what any of it meant. "Oh, yes—after I caught on. I'm real quick." She smiled at him nervously. He looked her over with a kind but realistic eye.

"Policy of the business to hire oldish people. Give 'em their chance," he said abruptly. "President, Mr. Burbage, thinks they're better'n young squirts. Slower, but they don't expect so much pay and they don't always go around looking for advancement."

"I see," she said. "It sounds very sensible to me. I . . . I know I could do the work satisfactory."

"Well, we'll give you a whirl," he said kindly. "Take this card to Mr. Palask tomorrow, in the Elks Building. If you got any rubber-soled shoes, better wear 'em. Basement's a little damp and what not."

So, fantastically simple as that, she had a job. She had more than a job; she had hopes of a furnished apartment. Feverishly she began figuring. She could eat, probably, on the job; Will's expenses were just nothing. But how could she ever get him to consent? Or could she keep him from knowing? Well, she would dress it up in some acceptable make-believe, as they always had disguised their troubles.

She would think of a way. But right now she would have to think of a way of explaining not meeting him tomorrow. She'd say she didn't feel well . . . no, she'd say Amy wanted her to go in to Red Cross headquarters and hem diapers—then he'd offer to walk down with her. . . .

But as it happened, she didn't have to fib about it, for William himself telephoned during the evening.

"Sam's taking a sales trip upstate, and he said he'd give me a lift to Springfield. I thought I might see that old foreman we used to have at the plant. He's got a little machine shop, now that he's retired," William said. "Can't tell what might develop, hon."

"I'll miss seeing you," she said. "Now you be sure and take your good overcoat, Will."

"Yep."

"And drop me a line."

"Well. But if I don't, it'll be because I'm kind of busy with one thing another. You know I never was much of a hand to write."

She could hardly sleep for thinking

HERE'S a new service for motorists. A scientific device called a "Plug-Chek," helps every Auto-Lite dealer spot, more easily than ever before, plugs that are functioning improperly or have burned or fouled because of engine irregularities. He compares the "business end" of your spark plugs with the "Plug-Chek." This reading enables him to better analyze your engine operation, helps him restore top engine performance. Ask your dealer about the new Auto-Lite Spark Plug that's "Ignition Engineered"—and be sure to get a "Plug-Chek" today!

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE CO.
Merchandising Division
TOLEDO, OHIO • SARNIA, ONTARIO

CHECK YOUR SPARK PLUGS' HEALTH THIS EASY WAY!

One Out of Every 4 Cars is Factory-Equipped with Auto-Lite Spark Plugs

AUTO-LITE *Ignition Engineered* SPARK PLUGS

about the job. She was trembling and jittery by the time morning came, and all her courage had turned to gelatin. By eleven thirty they would surely see she had never worked before.

"I'll probably be back here for lunch," she said gloomily to Amy's cook as she left. "But if I shouldn't come back until late in the evening, tell Mrs. Sampson not to worry."

The surroundings, in spite of the ad, were not really pleasant. They were, in fact, a windowless but breezy dungeon, brilliantly tiled and lighted, with sabers of glitter stabbing the eyeball at every turn of the head. There were two other elderly women on tall stools beside dumb-waiters; there was a patient cheerful little man who slopped dishes turbulently through dish water, crying out occasionally when he struck his broken thumb, which he was scared to death the boss would discover. Washing dishes with a broken thumb, and making jokes about it! It was just the sort of thing her own William would do.

Because William was so much a part of her, she was reminded of him many times, even here in this alien unbelievable place. There was a blaring loud-speaker connected with the counter, and all day long some anonymous Donald Duck upstairs quacked, "Ham on rye, with relish . . . Spaghetti, two in . . . Hold the fish cakes."

ALL day long, in a quiver of excitement and triumph, Jessie sat on her high stool, with her toes tucked under the rungs, and slapped ham on rye, and whisked a puny pickle onto a lettuce leaf, or ladled out a slippery tangle of spaghetti from the steam table. Even the loud-speaker, like the voice of fate itself, reminded her of William, because one of the countermen sometimes bawled down it just what William himself would have said.

"Plenty of rullish with the ham." William always said "rullish," and he liked it, too, especially her pepper relish.

"All right, my darling," she said once or twice, and she tossed on extra relish in honor of William, somewhere out riding the road with his son-in-law, and trying not to hope for too much out of the foreman.

She had to dab at her eyes when she thought of him, so good, so gallant and patient.

"The world is just full of good dear people," she said to herself. "My William, and that poor old Joseph—or whatever his name is—with the broken thumb." She wondered if ever again they might sit in some darkness which belonged to them both, not talking with words. . . .

At three she had a fifteen-minute relief, and she put on her coat and went up to walk along the street and view the drugstore which she practically owned now. It was a thronging place, with toasters and hairbrushes in the window, and culture in

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

STANLEY CUP. In major league hockey the Stanley Cup has for 47 years been the emblem of the World Hockey Championship Title. As shown in the picture at the right, the rings that make up the base have been added to the original cup to provide room for engraving the names of the team and players annually winning this coveted trophy. To get its name on the cup a team has to be *good*.

ETHYL EMBLEM. There is a "Stanley Cup" for gasolines too. A gasoline in a pump which bears the Ethyl emblem has to be *good*. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane) rating and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a quicker-starting engine in cold weather; a cooler-running engine in summer; extra power and economy the whole year through. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CA.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

twenty-five-cent paper editions, with simulated leather and synthetic silver, and a strange noisy life of its own that was pretty genuine in spite of itself.

But it was the lunch counter, of course, that belonged to her. She pressed her nose, under her velvet toque, against the glass, and gazed at the perched-up row of rear ends. All these dear strangers eating her ham on rye. She had a great affection for them. They too were trying to make something out of what they had . . . they too . . .

And her heart missed a beat. For there was a pudgy little grandpa back of the counter, running about on his heels, beaming and amiable, trying to be everywhere at once, trying to please, please God. He had the same pink eager old face, and the cockscomb of white hair that never *would* lie down, but he was swathed unfamiliarly in immaculate starched white. . . .

She knew it couldn't be, but it was. It was William, *not* riding along with his son-in-law, but here in this very place saying, "Ham on rye, and plenty of rullish."

So . . . there must have been another ad in William's Herald, in the Help Wanted, Male, column. And Will had always been a white-collar man, a faithful man who worked with his brains and his eyes. For a moment she wanted to run away from his shame. Suppose one of his old friends should drop in here and see him . . . how could William, the clever and proud, explain this?

Blinded with tears, she went back and through the alley to the narrow door that opened on iron steps down to the basement. She hung up her coat and the velvet toque, and tied on the hideous apron they had given her. He had looked so old and so lively; he had such a bad callous on his precious left foot, and his insteps hurt him something awful.

How would he explain it to her? He would have some fancy business, and she must pretend it was just a lark.

"Say, I got something to tell you," he would say. "You know, I've always wanted to see what it would be like to be one of those guys at a lunch counter. Good place to see human nature, and all that."

She would have to pretend it was just a whim, nothing to do with trying to get a furnished flat for them. . . . She'd have to help him fix it up with make-believe, the way she always did.

And then she thought: No; it's not make-believe. It's . . . it's something wonderful! It's just like the whole human race trying to face facts and working. We can just face it. Why can't we use all that fun of ours to help us look it in the face, and not be ashamed of it? We've done everything we could. This is no *shame* to us that we have to cover up.

The loud-speaker said, "Liverwurst on wheat, without rullish," and she said, "O.K., Mr. Sampson," and she felt full of glee and happiness and a strange young freedom. This was a very odd world, and if you were afraid of it and apologetic, it humiliated you all the time. But if you did your best, and sassed it back . . . and looked it in the eye . . .

She took a pencil and an old envelope from her sister Catherine out of her purse. She scribbled a note to put on the liverwurst without rullish.

"Say, kiddo, what are you doing after work? I saw you at the counter and you look awfully good to me."

She curled her tired toes around the rungs of her stool and laughed silently through all her plump little body. They weren't finished yet, the two of them. Why, they'd have plenty! They'd be like two kids setting off together in the morning, the way modern youngsters did . . . young married people in love with each other!

Old Joseph with the broken thumb saw the note going up on the edge of the plate.

"Say, sister, you're a fast worker," he said. "I kind of forgot they put self-starters on us old models."

"Listen, son," Jessie said. "They put stuff in us old models that they've kind of lost the pattern for."

"I guess you're right, at that," Joseph said, and she could see he was admiring her white curls that Will always thought were so cute around the back of her ears.

THE END

PICTURE OF PERFECT SMOKING PLEASURE—

without smoking penalties

DO YOU INHALE?

All smokers do — sometimes. And *when* you inhale, there's added chance of irritation. So — choose *your* cigarette with care! Eminent doctors report that, compared with the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris: ***four other leading cigarettes were found to average 235% more irritant — with irritant effects lasting more than five times as long!***

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

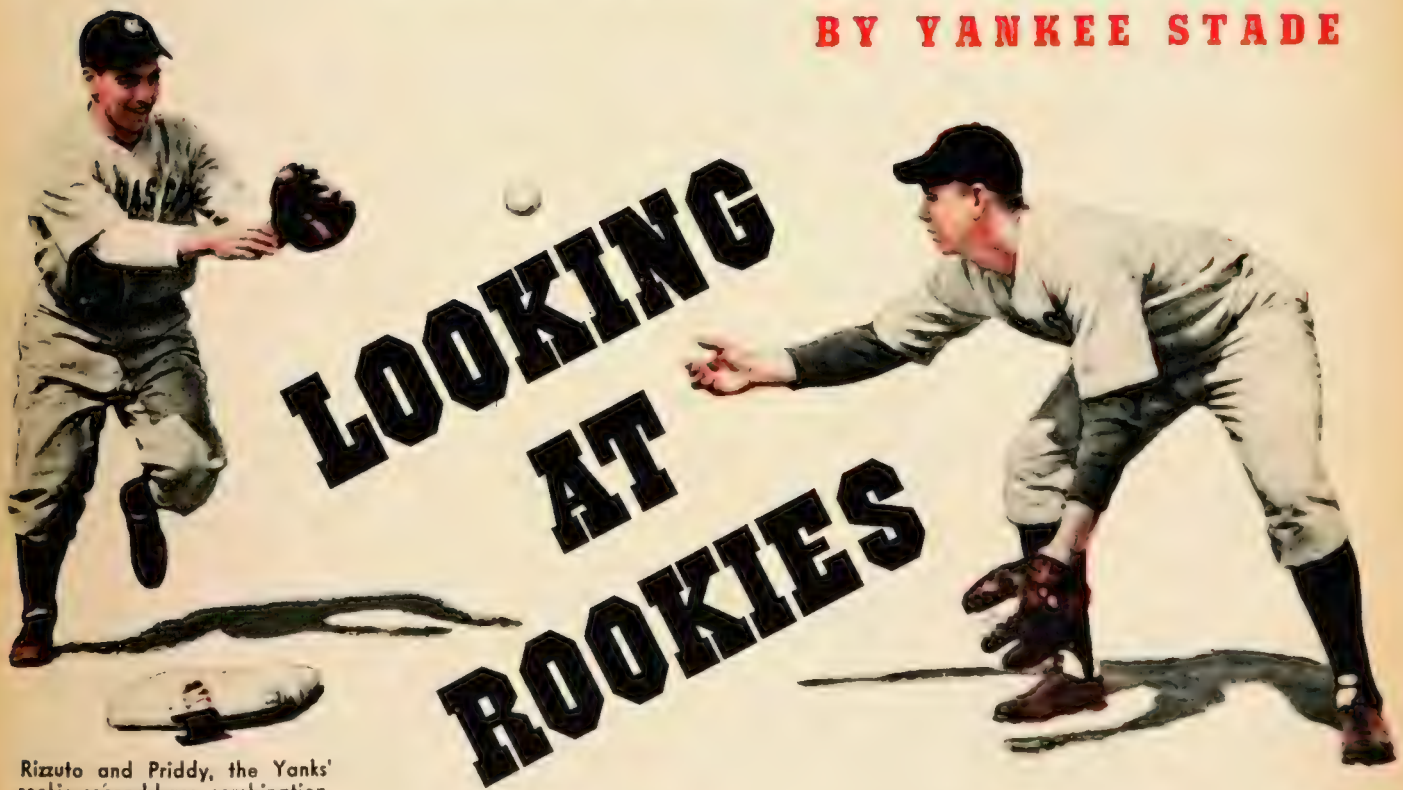
AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

CREATORS OF FAMOUS CIGARETTES FOR 93 YEARS. ALWAYS UNDER THE PHILIP MORRIS NAME

Fan fare! A swift survey of '41's new seekers of glory in baseball

BY YANKEE STADE

LOOKING AT ROOKIES



Rizzuto and Priddy, the Yanks' rookie second-base combination.

IF I were Joe McCarthy, I would solve that infield problem by starting John Sturm at first, Joe Gordon at second, Frankie Crosetti at short, and Red Rolfe at third.

Then I would duck into the Yankee dugout and stay there until the fans stopped heaving pop bottles at me for not starting Gerry Priddy and Phil Rizzuto, "the greatest second-base combination of all time."

I would take this revolutionary step to give three of the "four old men" of the Yankee infield (average age, twenty-nine), who had helped win four world's championships in five years, a chance to repeat.

Also I would do it for the sake of Priddy and Rizzuto. Remember 1929? In the spring of that fateful year there came up to the Yankees from the Oakland club of the Pacific Coast League two fine ballplayers, Jimmie Reese and Lyn Lary, bought for what was then a huge price and ballyhooed "the greatest second-base combination of all time." The boys were as good as advertised. But when the regular season began, they started to fade. Whether the ballyhoo went to their heads or the strain of living up to it was too much for them, it would have been a whole lot better for them and for the club if they had spent a year on the bench.

Now, about the two Lou's—Novikoff and Stringer—who are coming up to the Cubs from Los Angeles, I don't feel that way at all. True, they might be better for watching their elders for a year on the bench—that is, if they had anything to watch. But Novikoff is a left-fielder, and left field is the easiest of the outfields to play. And a club that goes into a race without a power hitter in left field is just asking for trouble. That's what the Cubs have been doing.

As for the Cub infield, in spite of the presence of two men long considered the best in their position in the league, it is a mess, as it has been. Gabby Hartnett tried to plug up the hole in the dike with Matticks and Mesners and Sturgeons and other fish, but the ocean of base hits still poured through into left and center field. Jimmy Wilson, in his trade for Billy Myers of the Reds, has made a smart move. He may have given away a great switch hitter in Gleeson, but at least he has a shortstop who can play shortstop.

Stanley Hack at third shows no signs of slowing down. But Billy Herman at second has grown old before his time trying to break in all these shortstopping youngsters around the keystone bag. What Billy needs is a change of scenery, and the Cubs need a new second baseman—and in Lou Stringer they have a lad who can do everything with a baseball around second except eat it.

Of these four young men who, on their advance notices, are the rookies of the year, Novikoff and Rizzuto hold the minor-league edge in batting. Lou finished first in the Coast League last year. Phil finished third in the American Association. But the unreliability of minor-league batting averages as guides to major-league ability is well known. Fielding averages, however, are more reliable. Rizzuto had a big year at Kansas City: he accepted 840 chances and made 45 errors for a percentage of .948; but Gerry Priddy, the most finished second baseman in baseball, came up with 948 perfect plays and only 25 errors for .971.

The two Lou's are not so easily compared, because one plays the infield and the other the outfield. But all agree that Lou Stringer is a Fancy Dan at second base and that Lou Novikoff, nicknamed the "Mad Russian," is no great shakes as a fly catcher. Novikoff has led every league he has ever played in, both in batting and clowning.

The docs say that Red Rolfe's slump from making the most hits of any player in his league to making among the fewest was due to bad eyesight caused by poison from infected tonsils. Detonsiled, as Red now is, they say there is no reason why he should not be the Rolfe of old. In which case, all will agree that there is no use running the risk of spoiling a star second baseman, either Priddy or Joe Gordon, by trying to fit him into the hot corner—which means that Priddy will most likely spend the summer on the bench.

The Rizzuto-Crosetti situation is more complex. When a ball club is losing, the business office looks around for a goat, the sports writers

join in the search, and so do the customers. By this wholly unscientific process Frankie Crosetti has been chosen as chief goat of the Yankee debacle of 1940. Which is just about as fair as blaming the bat boy. To be sure, Frankie slipped in fielding from first in his league all the way down to—second! In batting he dropped some thirty-odd points—but so did Joe DiMaggio! Crosetti never was a batter, anyhow. But what difference does that make to a team like the Yanks? They carried Crosetti—perhaps the best fielding shortstop ever to come up to the big leagues and an infield spark plug—at .234 and .233 to two world's championships. They could carry him to another, provided the rest of the boys were hitting, even if he just answered "Out" and didn't bother to take his turn at bat. That's how good he is—and that's how good Phil Rizzuto has to be to grab his job.

WITH all this in mind, let's look at some of the less publicized rookies of 1941, club by club.

The Champions of the World are standing fairly pat. They have lost Billy Myers at short field, but Eddie Joost will probably take over, with Mattick in reserve. Pete Aleno from Birmingham, third baseman, looks like a future great; he may be turned into a shortstop. McKechnie took only four rookie pitchers South, and none bids fair to cause Walters, Derringer, et al., serious worry. A catcher will have to be developed or bought to piece out Lombardi.

Goodman in right, Mike McCormick in center, and the two Jims, Ripple and Gleeson, in left (just in case Ripple doesn't hit in the spring, as sometimes happens), with Harry Craft in reserve—that is an array to discourage any rookie outfielder.

But nothing can discourage Mike Dejan, who, after his sad experience in midseason with last year's Reds, went down to Birmingham, batted .371 in 104 games and knocked in 84 runs. Another Mike, Christoff from the Coast, has ideas about crashing that Red outfield, and so has Kermit Lewis, who led the Eastern League last year in hitting. It looks, though, as if all these boys had arrived too late—or too early.

Leo Durocher and Larry MacPhail believe more in star buying than they do in stargazing at rookies. Yet in Pete Reiser the Dodgers may have a player who will do more to help them win that pennant than $100,000 Higbe or $132,500 Medwick. Pete can hit, and he should make Brooklyn's a great outfield. With two new experienced reserve infielders, Lew Riggs from Cincinnati and Alex Kampouris up again from Newark, along with the always competent Johnny Hudson, no rookie would seem to have a chance of scaling the inner works. Don Ross, a promising third baseman, is the best of the lot.

Catching, with fast-fielding Mickey Owen and hard-hitting Blimp Phelps, is a little more than O. K. And Durocher is said to be betting hats that Hamlin, Wyatt, and Higbe will win more games this season than Walters, Derringer, and Thompson. Still, Leo has taken to Havana eight new pitchers who have a combined record of 97 wins.

The Cards are coming up with a huge assortment of minor-league players. Fifteen pitchers head the list. One of them, Howard Krist, won 22 games in the Texas League and allowed only 1.71 earned runs per game. The probable star of the lot is Ernie White, who led the strong American Association last year.

Behind the bat the prospect is less bright. In the infield, Southworth has Jimmy Brown and a lot of promising sophomores, together with Steve Mesner, who will doubtless start at third in place of Joe Orengo. The outfield is getting two good replacements in Crabtree from Rochester and Triplett from Columbus.

The Pirates aren't bringing up many rookies to make a noise about. An exception, of course, is Ray Mueller. With Al Lopez as first-string catcher, Ray stands little chance of being allowed to show his real worth. Another exception is Alf Anderson, star shortstop from Atlanta. If he lives up anywhere near to his advance notices, he is too valuable a man to keep long on the bench.

Frankie Frisch has only Truett Sewell and a bunch of sore arms to use for pitchers. Russ Bauers pitched only 31 innings last season; Johnny Gee, said to be the tallest pitcher in captivity, did his throwing in the minors. Oh, well, you never can tell. Gee may lead the league. And if he doesn't, there is Wilkie—just one l—from Seattle.

CUB rooters, in their excitement over the two Lou's, have almost forgotten that the Wrigleys are bringing up a lot of other rookies, including Jerome Herman Dean. The chief weaknesses are the pitching staff, the catching staff, and first base. A youngster named Ed Waitkus, from Tulsa, may improve that first-base situation.

The Giants' rookie situation is just about hopeless. Of course they have young Rucker. And there is Babe Young, who enters his third season of major-league play. Orengo, the St. Louis sophomore, should help, if only by allowing Burgess Whitehead to return to second.

Up in Boston, Casey Stengel's best rookies are already veterans. Lack of money has forced President Bob Quinn to grab minor-leaguers and let them get their experience afterward. So far, the system has not won any pennants, but it has produced Eddie Miller and Carvel Rowell and Max West and Chet Ross and other youngsters that a lot of other big-league clubs would like to have.

As for the Phillies, they always come up with a lot of rookies nobody ever heard of, and after a couple of seasons in the league cellar, Gerry Nugent sells them for $100,000 apiece. Aside from Nick Etten, Tommy Hughes, and Stan Benjamin from Baltimore, and Melton, the names of the Phillies' 1941 rookies don't mean much.

The American League rookie situation is simpler. Pennant-winning Detroit needs replacements badly, but has few promising ones in sight. The best known is Dutch Meyer, but Dutch will probably have to play second fiddle as utility infielder to the newly acquired and apparently rejuvenated Eric McNair. Ned Harris, who batted .312 with Beaumont last year, is scheduled to take Pete Fox's place as utility outfielder.

Cleveland has Murray Howell, up from Baltimore, who ought to strengthen an already strong outfield. Dewey Adkins was a good money pitcher at Oklahoma City; Rogers Hornsby says he'll do. But the rookie who is getting the headlines is Verne Frieburger, the new Slapnicka discovery *à la* Bob Feller, a seventeen-year-old sand-lot first baseman billed as "a second Hal Chase."

JOE McCARTHY has taken eighteen rookie pitchers South, and some of them, notably Peek, Washburn, and Stanecu from the Yank farms, and Ardizoia from the Coast, should be good enough to stick. As for the others—well, with Monte Pearson gone and Gomez and Ruffing possibly on their way out, Joe may need all eighteen! He is said to be bringing Frenchy Bordagaray up from Kansas City to take Jake Powell's place as utility outfielder. The best outfield prospect in sight, though, is Tommy Holmes of Newark.

Jimmy Dykes' Chicago White Sox rookie crop has already scored one first: Eugene Stack, pitcher, became the first major-league ballplayer to be drafted into the United States army. Aside from Stack, the most sensational brand-new performer is probably twenty-year-old Thurman Tucker from Oklahoma City. Pitcher Orval Grove is back, and so is Catcher George Dickey.

All that Joe Cronin has needed for years is a catcher who can catch and some pitchers who can pitch to him. In Frankie Pytlak, pried loose from Cleveland, he should have the catcher; and it may be that his crop of young pitchers will now be able to fulfill their promise. Fleming from Hollywood may help out with the pitching; so may Oscar Judd from Sacramento and old Mike Ryba.

Washington's one major addition this year is First Baseman Archie, voted the most valuable player in the Coast League. The Browns have picked up a heavy-hitting and fair-fielding second baseman in Johnny Lucadello of Toledo, two seasoned minor-league pitchers in Bob Muncrief and Maurice Newlin from San Antonio, and the Senators' former headache, Roberto Estalella, outfielder. Connie Mack has Eddie Collins, Jr., a money player like his father, and a flock of unknowns.

THE END

"Who asked you in, anyway?"

BOB: Now see here, you fugitive from a zoo! This is a gentlemen's club. How did you get in, anyway?

CAMEL: Peace, little brother. I come to advise, not to quibble. As I passed by your window, I heard you quarrelling about whiskies. I am here to settle your dispute. Speak!

DICK: What do you know about whiskies, my hilly friend?

CAMEL: Much, effendi. I am, in fact, a living reminder of one of whiskey's greatest qualities.

BOB: Yeah? What's that?

CAMEL: *Dryness*—that precious quality which some call lack of sweetness. Dryness—which permits the full, rich whiskey flavor to reach your palate unchanged and undistorted. Dryness, effendi, is a virtue which whiskey experts demand.

DICK: Sure, sure. But that costs big money. I don't want to spend a fortune for whiskey.

CAMEL: Then, oh my friend, choose Paul Jones. It is a rare and priceless pearl among whiskies, of great mellowness. Its *dryness* brings out its superb flavor. And because it offers so much for a moderate price, it is known among the wise ones as *a buy*. This is why its popularity has increased five times in two years.

BOB: Say, thanks for the tip! That Paul Jones sounds so good I believe I'll try some right now. Won't you join us?

CAMEL: By the beard of the prophet, I don't mind if I do!

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

90 proof
A blend of straight whiskies. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

The straight whiskies in Paul Jones are 4 years or more old

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

YANKEE EAGLE OVER

Beginning the vivid self-told story of an American airman who joined Britain's flying fighters in the sky

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Vernon (Shorty) Keough, one of the heroes of Yankee Eagle Over London, and who is mentioned by name in the first and subsequent installments, was, on February 17, officially reported as missing after combat action during a German air raid and conceded to be dead. He was the fourth American flyer to die in British service and the second member of the famous Eagle Squadron. His mother lives in Brooklyn, New York, and wrote Liberty last December, saying that "Shorty" had written her that she might expect to see his name in Liberty, and she wanted to know when the story would appear.]

PART ONE—THE PATHS OF GLORY . . . AND TROUBLE

WHEN you come right down to it, flying a fighter in combat is just about the greatest game in the world—even if you are playing for keeps.

You're up there patrolling. Suddenly you sight those silvery specks coming toward you from across the Channel. You hold them for an instant framed in the circle of your gun sight against a background of blue sky. You can't help admiring the picture made by those 300 planes in tight formations.

Then you remember those boys aren't out for a joy ride and you start climbing to get above them.

From then on, as the old saying goes, you don't have to be crazy, but it helps.

I didn't know that, back in those days when I was chauffeuring Cubs and Luscombs around Mines Field at Inglewood, California. But I had a pretty shrewd idea. Watching the United States army pursuit ships zooming over the Oakland airport at air meets, I'd wondered about the kick of sitting behind 1,000 horsepower.

Yes, I guess I had an idea of what it would be like, all right. So the day a fellow came out to the Mines Field and casually asked how I'd like to go over to Finland and fly a fighter, I was willing to listen to his proposition.

We stood there in front of one of the hangars, with the hot midday sun baking the asphalt runways, and talked about ski landings, icing conditions, and Russian planes. Finland sounded interesting. And I was certainly just the guy to go flying up around the Arctic Circle. I'd seen snow about twice in my life. But flying is flying, I told myself. Finland can't be so different.

That night I talked the proposition over with my side-kick, Andy Mamedoff. We had both started flying about the same time. But while I had stuck to my job at one of the Hollywood studios and done my flying in spare time, Andy had bought a plane and tried to make a living barnstorming. About all he was doing was flying straight into the sheriff's arms.

"This is the deal," I explained: "All expenses paid to Helsinki and one hundred dollars a month as long as we last."

Then, all of a sudden we turned and shouted: "Yeah, we're all flyers—so what?"

LONDON

BY PILOT OFFICER GENE TOBIN

EAGLE SQUADRON R. A. F.

as told to

ROBERT LOW

He didn't look overjoyed but he didn't say no. Instead he dug down into his pocket, pulled out a dime, flipped it, and then nodded.

That was that. We were going to Finland. I quit my job, sold my car to pay off outstanding bills, and invested the rest in cold-weather flying equipment. Andy sold his plane back to the finance company and did the same.

But within forty-eight hours I was back, trying to talk the boss into putting me on the pay roll again. And Andy was trying to figure out how he could promote himself another crate. It seemed that something had happened up there in Finland. There wasn't a war any more.

For three days we hung around the field, telling ourselves it didn't matter; that we really didn't give a damn. But it was no good. We'd been bitten by the bug and we couldn't get it out of our systems. Besides, we'd said far too many dramatic farewells. Life would be awfully tough if we stayed around.

Well, there was another war going on. Perhaps we could get into that one. They say if you go looking for a fight you can always find one.

Whoever "they" are, they're right. In less than a week we arranged to join the French Armée de l'Air and were on our way. For a send-off, the agent of the French government we had contacted had given us each a day-coach ticket to Montreal, five dollars for traveling expenses en route, and a warm though limp handshake.

On the four-day train trip we had plenty of time to digest the mysterious instructions we'd been given about meeting other representatives on the way. The whole business sounded so complicated, I began to wonder whether we had enlisted as flyers or international spies.

But there had been a lot of trouble over Americans joining foreign military forces. The Federal Bureau of Investigation kept a pretty close check on all Americans going into Canada, so we had to watch our step.

At the Canadian frontier the train stopped and several officials hopped aboard. We had our answers ready for them.

"Where are you boys going, and why?"

"Who? Us? We're on our way to Montreal to see a cousin who runs a fish hatchery."

"Are either of you flyers?"

"Don't be silly. Do we look like flyers?"

APPARENTLY we didn't, because there were no more questions. Instead, one of them opened our suitcases and ran his hand along the top layer of clothing. Underneath were our flying helmets, goggles, and log-books. If he dug down he couldn't miss. But he didn't search any further, just closed the lids with a smile.

"That's O. K. Have a good time and tickle a trout for us."

Well, we'd made the first hurdle. That was something. Our instructions were to go to a certain hotel in Montreal and ask for letters which would contain tickets and more money. But when we got to the hotel we drew a blank. No letters. We insisted there must be! After the room clerk looked for the third time, he said:

"What is this, anyway? There's been another fellow pestering me all day about a letter. And he wouldn't believe me, either, when I told him there was nothing."

The clerk pointed to a very short and very glum little guy sitting in the lobby reading an aviation magazine. His feet didn't quite touch the floor. Something told me he was in the same fix.

As we walked over to him, his face lit up expectantly. But when we'd introduced ourselves and explained we were American flyers, he began to look glum again.

"My name's Vernon Keough," he said. "I came up from New York, expecting to join the French Air Force, and instead I become a lobby squatter. My luck sure isn't getting any better."

We went into the bar to talk things over. For openers, he told us we could call him "Shorty," he didn't mind. He had been a professional parachute jumper. Then he'd turned pilot. Two weeks ago he had ordered a new plane and paid $500 down, which he had just borrowed at the bank. The day the ship was delivered, brand-new and shiny, he'd let a friend take it around for a spin.

"What happened? I ask you, what happened?"

There were almost tears in his eyes.

"The dope goes and cracks it up, landing. About the only thing left is the stick, which he's still got in his hand when he crawls out. So I joined the French Air Force to get away from it all. And now this!"

WE ordered another drink to console him. We might as well be broke as the way we were. An hour later a bellhop came in with the letters—one for each of us. Tickets for Halifax, ten dollars apiece, and more instructions. We left that night.

But whoever had written the enclosed orders had been reading too many detective stories:

"You will take the night train to Halifax. Upon arrival, remain at the station after the other passengers have departed. Discuss flying in a loud voice so our agent can identify you."

There's some crack about hell and Halifax. Now I know why. The train reluctantly pulled in at one o'clock in the morning. The station was cold and dismal and so were we.

After a while a short dark man sitting on one of the benches began to take an interest. He got up and circled around, trying to listen to our conversation. We were certain this was our boy. So, just to teach him a lesson, we lowered our voices as he came closer. In the end we were whispering and he was practically in our pockets. Then, all of a sudden we turned and shouted: "Yeah, we're flyers—so what?"

He nearly leaped right out of his raincoat.

When he recovered, he cautiously divulged he was the representative of the French government and we were to follow him. We did—down dark narrow streets, through alleyways, along the water front, and all the time the rain and sleet combined to make us very unhappy indeed. I started humming California, I Love You.

Finally we reached his tiny office on the top floor of a deserted building. From an old-fashioned safe he

From left to right: Eugene Tobin, Vernon Keough, and Andrew Mamedoff.

BOTANY
Planned Patterns
DESIGNED TO GO WITH YOUR SUITS
Botany, famed for men's suitings, makes these wrinkle-proof ties from fabrics to finished products.
Thus, the patterns and colors are designed to go perfectly with current clothing styles.
Botany wrinkle-proof ties in Planned Patterns... ready in wide variety at your local store. $1.
ASK TO SEE THE GABARTONES
BOTANY
WRINKLE-PROOF TIES $1
BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY

produced three pink official-looking cards. We stood there shivering while he scratched away with his pen.

"As you cannot travel on an American passport, owing to the terms of your government's neutrality laws, I am giving you these documents," he said.

The cards he had filled in described us as of "indeterminate" nationality and stated we were traveling to France for the purpose of joining the French Armée de l'Air. Then, with a flourish, monsieur produced three neatly folded wads of 2,500 francs each. In American hay, that's fifty bucks apiece.

"This will get you to Paris. You are expected on board the ship at seven o'clock this morning."

He jumped up and shook us vigorously by the hand.

"Bon voyage, mes enfants! Vive la France!"

"Vive la France," we replied, and left in a hurry before he had a chance to give us a farewell kiss.

At seven o'clock we showed up at the boat. It was still dark. But you didn't need daylight to see she was a tub of some considerable vintage. You could smell her a long way off, too. And the odor that wafted across the dock wasn't any French perfume. Just plain old mule. Five hundred of them.

We went on board and found that neither the officers nor crew spoke English. There weren't more than eight words of French between us and they didn't suit the occasion. But after a long beef, the captain made it plain there was only room for two on his ship. For some unknown reason these two places had been assigned to Andy and Shorty. I was to sail on the Pierre L. D. later in the day. I tried arguing, but it was no use.

THERE was one consolation, anyway: The Pierre L. D. turned out to be a big new freighter with fine accommodation. For seven days our convoy of forty ships plodded along, and then one of the destroyers decided to break the monotony. She raced back astern of the convoy about three miles and dropped depth charges. We heard the explosions and the ship pranced like a colt. Whether another U-boat bit the dust I never did find out.

On the fourteenth day the convoy broke up. We were on our own from then on and headed for the French port of St. Nazaire. Andy and Shorty were landing at Bordeaux.

At last we dropped our hook at St. Nazaire. It looked just like an old-fashioned French port should, with narrow winding streets, whitewashed houses, and little fishing boats along the front.

France was going to be O. K., I told myself. But I hadn't met French officialdom then. Boy, did I learn about red tape! After a five-hour wrangle with the immigration and customs I found I still needed a special permit from the Commissariat of Police to travel on the train to Paris.

Lugging a heavy suitcase and an overloaded knapsack, I walked about five miles, looking for the right Commissariat. There were plenty of them, but each one specialized in something else. The one I wanted I found last, naturally.

Hot, sweaty, and very tired of myself, I demanded the pass. The police sergeant inspected my pass with everything but a microscope. And when he'd finished, some of his pals went to work. The "indeterminate nationality" got them.

"Doesn't monsieur know what his nationality is?"

"Of course. I'm an American."

"Aha, then why does monsieur not possess an American passport?"

"Because they wouldn't give me one. The neutrality law doesn't allow it."

"Aha, aha, then monsieur is not really an American at all. He is nothing."

Then I got sore. I hadn't come 3,000 miles to argue with these Keystone cops. I started pounding the desk.

"Listen. I've come here to fight for France. I'm a pilot, see? I'm going to fly one of your airplanes. Now give me the permit and let me get out of here right now—*tout suite!*" I'd learned the French on the boat.

It worked. Yes, indeed. Exactly four days later I got the permit.

On the way to Paris the train was held up at the big railroad junction at Nantes. I saw the war for the first time there; it wasn't pretty.

A Red Cross train of about thirty cars pulled in beside us. It was packed with wounded, all of them badly hurt. I could see them lying there, faces white and drawn, and the stench of death all about them. The train had been bombed and machine-gunned by German planes on the way back from the front-line dressing stations. The three rear cars were badly wrecked.

This was where I began to realize there was another reason for being over here besides just wanting to fly behind 1,000 horsepower.

Paris. Well, it wouldn't be long now.

The rest of the American flyers, including Andy and Shorty, were staying at a hotel opposite the Ministry of Air. They'd been bombed the day before and all the windows in the hotel were broken. They were unhurt, but I was surprised to find they were not yet in uniform. Andy told me why.

"We've been here five days now and every morning we go over to the Ministry and ask, 'How about it?' Then some nice polite officer replies, 'Any day now you are going to fly.' But, so far, we haven't even taken a medical. Nuts!" This is bad, we said.

DURING the four weeks we hung around I got awfully sick of that refrain, "Any day now!" Paris, even in wartime, was fine, but we'd come over to fly. Waiting around wasn't doing anybody any good. Least of all the owner of the hotel where we were staying.

He was giving us all the credit we wanted.

There was something about Andy that always made the French police very suspicious. I guess it's because he's tall and dark and has a habit of looking at you kind of sideways.

Anyway, we were sitting in a café on the Champs Elysées one afternoon. Andy was reading a paper, when Shorty and I spotted the police coming down the street checking on everybody's papers.

I winked at Shorty and we both got up quietly and walked away, leaving Andy there, still engrossed in his paper.

A few minutes later the police came up and demanded his papers. He showed them, but the police weren't satisfied. Did he know any one in Paris? they asked. Andy looked round wildly, and when he'd spotted us he waved frantically for us to come over. We did, acting rather surprised, as though he were a complete stranger.

"Do you know this man?" the cops asked.

"Why, no, we've never seen him before," we replied.

Andy broke in, "Go ahead and tell them, fellows."

"Sure, buddy, we're willing to help you, but what kind of a line do you want us to string?"

"Cut it out—this is serious!" Andy yelled.

"Listen, buddy. You're getting kind of tough for a guy asking favors, aren't you?" Shorty asked.

With this the cops said, "So you don't know him. *Bien!*"

And they took him off to the clink for two hours. The Air Ministry finally got him out. Oddly enough, Andy wasn't amused.

On the 10th of June things began to look bad. The Ministry called us in. They were evacuating to Tours; we were to make arrangements to get there by train. We would fly as soon as we arrived, they promised.

"That's fine," we piped up. "But how about some money to pay our hotel bills?"

The French officials looked horrified that we could think of dough at a time like this.

"We have no funds here to give you. You pay and we'll reimburse you some other time, perhaps. We cannot say. We are busy now. *Au revoir* till Tours."

We went back to the hotel and counted our money. Between the three of us we had a little more than 400 francs. The bill was 9,420. So we packed and had our suitcases sent downstairs.

AT the desk, the owner of the hotel was waiting with the bill. He also had a big broad smile, but he soon lost that.

We'd matched to see who would be spokesman, and I'd lost. The dialogue ran something like this:

"Well, thanks for a very pleasant stay. We'll see you again, we hope."

Movement toward the door with the suitcases.

"But, monsieurs, you owe me nine thousand-odd francs."

"Oh, don't worry. The Air Ministry will pay."

"But the Air Ministry is moving. This is your bill." Andy and Shorty

GEE, I WISH WE HAD A CAN OPENER!

DOGS and children are pretty much alike. Dogs, too, want good, wholesome food. They also need *all* essential vitamins *every day.* And they want food that gives them *taste variety.*

Red Heart—America's No. 1 Favorite*—is that kind of dog food!

Dogs "go for" Red Heart's *3 delicious flavors*—beef, fish, and cheese—fed in rotation. This well-balanced dog food provides an abundance of Anti-infective Vitamin A, Anti-neuritic Vitamin B_1, Sunshine Vitamin D, and Growth Vitamin G.

Red Heart helps stimulate development of red, *full-hemoglobin* blood . . . helps keep dogs *red-blooded!* It helps dogs grow normally, resist disease, keep glossy coats, develop sound teeth and bones, produce healthy litters, and live a full life span. Made in federally inspected plants.

Feed Red Heart Dog Biscuits, Too. They provide *solid* nourishment. Help protect your dog's teeth and gums. Heart-shaped or kibbled. Economical to feed!

FREE: $1.00 Wall-Fold Can Opener

Folds back out of the way on the wall when not in use. Opens cans quickly, safely, easily. A child can work it. Detachable for cleaning. Just send 6 Red Heart labels (2 each from Diets A, B, and C) to John Morrell & Co., Dept. 323, Ottumwa, Iowa. *Limited offer!*

*According to independent, nationwide surveys

RED HEART

THE 3-FLAVOR DOG FOOD

were almost out the door by now, so I gave it to him with both barrels.

"What? You don't even trust your own government? That's a fine thing to tell us when we've come over here to fight for you."

That stumped him. We climbed into a taxi while he was still figuring out an answer. I hope he gets his money some day.

A pall of smoke hung over the city as we drove to the railroad station. There was a feeling of depression and defeat we didn't like at all. The sooner we got into a plane, the better.

Refugees were pouring into the station. The place was packed. It was a rotten sight. Children, old women—no one knew where they were going; just going. Only three trains were leaving Paris that day. We had a time getting on one of them. And the train was so crowded that most of the time we rode between the cars to get some air.

As we pulled into Tours we heard a lot of what sounded like firing. It turned out to be bombing—a regular routine about four times daily.

We headed for the Base de l'Air, some seven kilometers northwest of the town, walking most of the way in the rain and blackout. There were several alarms during the night, but nothing dropped very close and we were too tired to move, anyway.

In the morning we gave the base the once-over. What a collection of old crates! Could these things stop the Luftwaffe, we wondered. There were a lot of Czech and Polish officers around and they weren't very happy, either. Paris had just fallen to the Germans, they said, and the armored divisions were moving south.

For three days we killed time at the base. Still the same old story, "Any day now you'll fly."

THEN one noon, just as soup hit the table, twelve Junkers came over and let loose. The first bomb worried hell out of me—the noise and flying glass. That dining room was empty in about ten seconds. But the following bombs were not quite so close.

We watched through the door of the officers' mess as the Junkers formed single file and circled the field twice. They seemed to know the range and location of our antiaircraft guns, because they flew just above the bursts. Come to think of it, I never did see the French "ack-ack" shoot down a German plane.

Before heading east, one of the Junkers swooped to machine-gun the field. But climbing back, a Potez 63 finally got off the ground and caught up with him. Six bursts and the Junkers went down. We cheered, but our cheers were hollow. The living quarters and two of the hangars were either wrecked or on fire.

When it was all over, the commandant called us together. Every one, he said, would have to find his own billet. Once a day we were to report. If the base were evacuated, he would try to find us transport. Meanwhile we weren't to worry—we'd be flying soon. Yeah!

That was great. No food or shelter. And we had exactly eighty francs left.

We were lying out in a field the next morning. It was cold and we were hungry—but there wasn't much use in getting up out of the ditch we called home because we were broke and hadn't any place to go anyway.

Then the bombers came over. About fifty of them, spread out perhaps twenty miles. One of them had a particular yen for our field. The first time he slouched over sort of nonchalantly at about 10,000 feet and gave us the business, we stood up to watch him.

But he wasn't very accurate. After a while we got used to him. Whenever there was a droning overhead, Shorty would open one eye and say, "It's only Adolf," then we'd go back to sleep again.

For three days we slept in the ditch. Our daily menu ran: breakfast—black coffee, no sugar; lunch—soup, potatoes, beer, and a little cheese; dinner—nil.

Then one afternoon it seemed a miracle was about to happen. We went out on the field with a French pilot and he told us we were going to fly. He took us over to a Potez 63, a twin-engine job with a very small rudder and very tricky in the air. Right off the bat we considered that was certainly the ideal plane for us to fly. The best thing they could do

was put us in a tricky plane for our own safety.

All the instruments in the cockpit of a French plane work backward; that is, all the controls are reversed. The throttle is pulled back toward you for power instead of being pushed away. We spent about ten minutes studying a lot of instruments we couldn't read because they were calibrated in meters, not feet. Then the pilot said:

"We will try and find you some helmets, so that you can fly."

We went into the hangar and had not been there more than half a minute when—*whamm!* The place was dive-bombed and a direct hit was scored on the plane we were going to fly. It went up in flames.

The French pilot took it very calmly.

"*Tiens, tiens*—too bad. But tomorrow we will get another plane for you. Tomorrow you will fly, certainly."

Poor guy, it wasn't his fault. So, just to show him there were no hard feelings, we put the bite on him for 100 francs and had the first decent meal in almost a week.

AT dinner, over some two-franc brandy, we talked things over. Sitting around Tours was getting us nowhere. The Germans were advancing south of Paris and, unless the French could hold them, they'd be in Tours within a couple of days at the most. Just what would happen if we were taken prisoner, we didn't know, but we weren't interested in finding out.

Then two Czech officers, sitting at the next table, came over and said, "You will pardon us—but we realize you are in the same position as ourselves. We, too, have been waiting around for weeks to go into action. We think the French have lost heart for the war. But we have a scheme."

We told them to sit down. Any proposition was worth listening to at this point. And theirs wasn't bad. If the French didn't come through tomorrow, and things looked tough, they were going to take two of the planes and fly to England. The plan was to sleep on the edge of the field and nab the ships at dawn, before the Frenchmen knew what was up.

"You run two risks," the Czechs said. "One, the antiaircraft guns may hit us if they get the alarm quickly—but that is doubtful. The other and more likely risk is that we might be chased by fighters. But we can avoid that if we get off the ground quickly and climb to fifteen or twenty thousand feet."

I looked at Andy and Shorty. "Sounds all right to us," they said.

So we told the Czechs it was a deal.

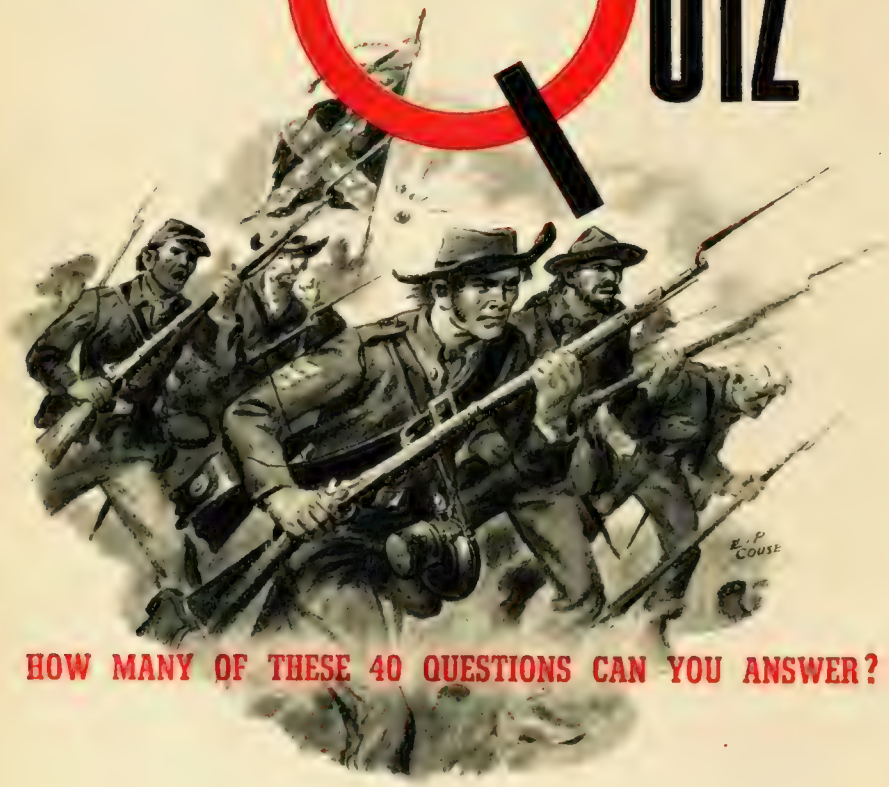
How will the scheme of the Czechs work out for Andy, Shorty, and Gene in their "commandeered" planes on the following morning? Can they get away with it? Their derring-do in next week's Liberty will give you the thrill that makes you want to shout!

A SPECIALLY TASTY VERSION of a dish America loves—that's *Libby's* Corned Beef Hash. Libby chefs use *plenty* of fine tender corned beef; season the blended meat and potatoes a secret tempting way. Your husband, your whole family, will thoroughly enjoy Libby's Corned Beef Hash. To fix it as shown here: slice the chilled hash, make an indentation in the top of each slice, bake in a hot oven. Drop a poached egg in each and serve with boiled onions and carrots. (Libby's Diced Carrots are very nice.)

VIENNA SAUSAGES by **LIBBY** have a rich and spicy tang you'll certainly enjoy. It's a distinctive *Libby* goodness, due partly to the seasoning, partly to the way they're smoked. For a thrifty *popular* main dish, serve spaghetti with Libby's tender, tasty Vienna Sausages. Other Libby favorites: Corned Beef; Deviled Ham; Veal Loaf; Lunch Tongue.

32 Libby's MEATS
. . . EACH A FLAVOR TRIUMPH

MILITARY QUIZ



HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Grade yourself as follows:

35 correct ..... Excellent
30 correct ..... Good
25 correct ..... Fair
20 correct ..... Passing
Under 20 ..... Failing

1—Who was the chief founder of the United States army and what was his rank and pay?

2—What was our rank among military Powers when World War II started?

3—What inventor, and device, made the airplane for the first time an effective military weapon?

4—Who is our commander in chief and who are his chief advisers?

5—What armed forces in the Western Hemisphere first used repeating rifles?

6—What military slogan uttered by a famous civilian leader has been most detrimental to our preparedness?

7—How long does it take to train the commander of a "flying fortress"?

8—What weapon inflicted the most casualties in World War I, rifles, machine guns, artillery?

9—What are "the eyes of the army"?

10—General Forrest said his system of winning battles was to "get there fustest with the mostest men." What is the 1940 version of this dictum?

11—Who originated the "Plattsburg training system" idea, and how was it received officially?

12—Who inaugurated the General Staff of which we hear so much today?

13—What was the postwar low in size of our army, and to what number are we raising it now?

14—We are getting the man power; what are our greatest remaining needs?

15—What chief areas has the army secured for this nation?

16—What are the three components of our army?

17—Why was artillery so damaging, and does this continue to be true today?

18—What did the United States Civil War cost?

19—Has our army performed any duties other than defense?

20—Did Germany invent the dive bomber?

21—How were soldiers for the Revolution recruited?

22—Has our army clung to the Prussian von Steuben system through all the years?

23—What is an army division?

24—What is a tactical or army "corps"?

25—How many fully motorized divisions have we?

26—How many Panzer-type divisions have we?

27—Who first developed the use of parachute troops?

28—Why was the Battle of Gettysburg decisive?

29—Did we have any American airplanes in France in 1918?

30—What is a "shavetail"?

31—When were four-motored planes first used in war?

32—What people have had the greatest scorn for military preparedness?

33—Are there candidates for second and third place in this regard?

34—Who first contended that light tanks could be carried by airplanes and made plans for doing it?

35—Did regulars or marines fight in Belleau Wood?

36—Why was Yankee victory at Belleau Wood so important?

BY LT. GEN. ROBERT LEE BULLARD

37—How fast can an infantry division move?

38—What was the first great "mass" war?

39—Who had the larger force in France at the armistice, 1918, the British or the United States?

40—The world witnessed blitzkrieg first in Poland in September, 1939. Was this a new German invention in war-making?

(Answers will be found on page 46)

Love.. AND A MAD MUSICIAN

Verve and charm enliven a piquant Lubitsch comedy

Melvyn Douglas and Merle Oberon in the amusing and expertly acted comedy, That Uncertain Feeling.

★
4 STARS: EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS: EXCELLENT
★ 2 STARS: GOOD ★
1 STAR: POOR
0 STAR: VERY POOR
★

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING

THE PLAYERS: Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, Burgess Meredith, Alan Mowbray, Olive Blakeney, Harry Davenport, Eve Arden, Sig Rumann, Richard Carle, Mary Currier, Jean Fenwick. Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart, adaptation by Walter Reisch. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Produced by Sol Lesser-United Artists. Running time, 89 minutes.

FULL of typical Lubitsch touches, this is the story of a young married couple. Hubby, a high-pressure insurance expert, has come to take his marriage as a matter of course, wife has grown restless over his apparent indifference and the general monotony. Worse yet, she has developed hiccups—and a friend advises a psychiatrist. In the good doctor's office she meets a young concert pianist, a rudely outspoken, egotistical individualist who looks upon himself as a genius. But he can only play the piano well when he is alone; audiences do something to his art. Hence he's having his neurosis overhauled, too.

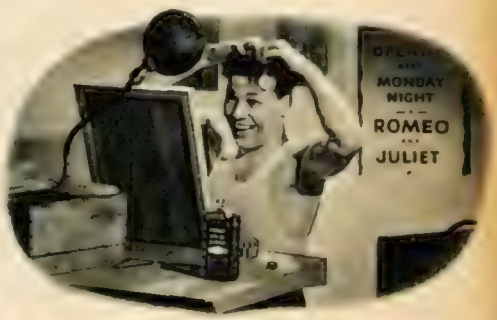
Mrs. Jill Baker's collision with genius turns everything upside down. She loses her hiccups, fancies she's in love, wants an immediate divorce so that she can marry her mad musician.

Merle Oberon is the restless wife, Melvyn Douglas is the super-salesman husband, Burgess Meredith is the ivory-tinkling young egoist. A trio of expert performances, with Meredith walking off with the honors as the inhibited musician. Alan Mowbray, too, does a nice bit as the expensive expert in repressions. The comedy is replete with sly, piquant Lubitschisms, it moves with verve and charm, it never becomes much more than a highly diverting bit of froth pointed at marriage, genius, and psychoanalysis.

VITAL STATISTICS: This had its genesis in the old French comedy, Divorçons, by Victorien Sardou and Emile de Majac. Lubitsch paid $27,000 for it, the deal including four screen adaptations of the play. Then Donald Ogden Stewart was put to work making an entirely new comedy, background America. . . . Swank pervades the sets. Merle Oberon wears fourteen costumes designed by Irene, set off by $100,000 worth of hired jewelry. Kingfish of the collection is a $40,000 thirteen-carat solitaire diamond ring. Interior sets are ultra, too. These bring up an interesting phase of movie-making. All moldings, cornices, wallpaper designs, picture frames, and background touches have to be exaggerated, in order to film in proportion to the room. . . . Burgess Meredith once was a salesman at Saks and Macy's. First stage experience was with Eva Le Gallienne's student repertoire group. Took three weeks for Burgess to learn how to apparently play the piano like a virtuoso. Actual playing was done by Werner Heymann, musical director of the film. . . . Merle Oberon has been married to movie-maker Alexander Korda for nearly two years. Merle was born on the island of Tasmania three months after the death of her father, a British army officer.

ROMEO FLUNKS FINGERNAIL TEST!

I WAS SUNK when I tried the Fingernail Test. My first big chance to be an actor . . and my nails showed my scalp was full of dirty dandruff scales! "Take it easy," advised the stage manager, "all you need is Wildroot-with-Oil!"



"IT'S OIL . . . but not greasy!" he said. "The old Wildroot formula that's been chasing dandruff scales these 30 years, plus pure *vegetable* oil that grooms hair without building up grease on the scalp!" Was he right! . . .

MY "ROMEO" wowed the audience . . . and Juliet too! Try it yourself. See how Wildroot-with-Oil's safe, powerful "3-Action" cleans as it grooms. Keeps your hair smartly dressed, and your scalp clean as a whistle! Get some today.

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PROFESSIONAL APPLICATIONS AT BARBERS

. . . Olive Blakeney, who plays Merle's girl friend, is Kentucky-born, got her dramatic experience on the London stage.

★ ★ THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN

THE PLAYERS: Laraine Day, Robert Young, Tom Conway, Frieda Inescort, John Litel, Marsha Hunt, Henry O'Neill, Sara Haden, Francis Pierlot, Marjorie Main. Based on Bayard Veiller's stage play. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, running time, 88 minutes.

THEY have remade and rewritten Bayard Veiller's fourteen-year-old melodrama of a young woman on trial for her life; in fact, they not only have shifted the background from a New York Supreme Courtroom to a Los Angeles tribunal but they've cleaned up Mary herself. You'll hardly recognize her.

Here she's a sweet little thing unfairly sent to a reform school. She runs away, starts life anew under the name of Mary Andrews, gets a job with a petroleum company, in no time at all is the boss's confidential secretary at $160 a week. All this, we are led to understand, because Mary is kind and helpful and understanding, while her employer, unhappily married, is a lonely man. Then the generous boss is stabbed to death in her apartment. Mary is arrested—and things look mighty bad. But her lawyer sweetheart gets back suddenly from South America, takes her case and—you have one guess as to the jury's verdict. Somehow your skeptical Beverly Hills doesn't believe a darned word of it.

Laraine Day is a lovely little reformatory escapee, Robert Young is the attorney, Tom Conway shows promise as the employer who becomes a corpse. Best bit: Marjorie Main as a cop-hating landlady.

VITAL STATISTICS: This was a Broadway stage hit, ran a whole year in New York. Norma Shearer made it into a talkie in '27, just after the screen acquired a voice. . . . Tom Conway is a British discovery. Made his American debut in Sky Murder, played the scoundrel husband in The Bad Man. Only recently Tom prevailed upon his parents to come to the United States. Two weeks later a 1,000-pound German bomb wiped out their former home. . . . Bob Young made his first film hit as the lad who defended Helen Hayes in The Sin of Madelon Claudet. Date, 1931. Here he has one of the longest speeches—an address to the jury—on record. And it's done in one long, continuous shot. . . . Sara Haden is a daughter of the one-time celebrated stage star, Charlotte Walker.

★ THE MAD DOCTOR

THE PLAYERS: Basil Rathbone, Ellen Drew, John Howard, Barbara Allen, Ralph Morgan, Martin Kosleck, Kitty Kelly, Hugh O'Connell, Hugh Sothern, Howard Mitchell, Charles McAvoy, Billy Benedict, Henry Victor, Douglas Kennedy, Frances Raymond, Harry Hayden. Screen play by Howard J. Green. Directed by Tim Whelan. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 90 minutes.

IN our movie world, this is psychoses-neuroses week. In a deliberately designed shocker, a crazed physician, psychiatrist Sebastien of Vienna, has achieved a four-star obsession to marry as many wealthy women as possible, scientifically cause their deaths and collect their estates. Everything moves murderously until the mad doc goes after lovely (and rich) Linda Brooks, who is the fiancée of a young newspaperman.

This is a plot manufactured for chills and it does achieve some degree of suspenseful excitement when events begin to close in on the wily medical expert in murder. Basil Rathbone acts and acts as the crazed Dr. Sebastien, Ellen Drew works hard at distress as Linda, John Howard is the reporter. The best bit is contributed by Martin Kosleck as the psychiatrist's robot-minded assistant.

VITAL STATISTICS: Brings together two crack detectives. Basil Rathbone has specialized as Sherlock Holmes, John Howard has been doing Bulldog Drummond. . . . Barbara Allen, who does the fluttery society matron, is also the giggling scatterbrain, Vera Vague of the airways. . . . Martin Kosleck was born in Polish Prussia, father a forester. Martin achieved some success as an artist before he tried acting. . . . That Great Dane, Prince III, you see in the opening scenes comes of a histrionic canine family. His dad, Prince II, was a movie actor, his granddad, Prince I, was Buck in The Call of the Wild.

Short Reviews:

SCATTERGOOD BAINES (RKO Radio). Has all the ominous earmarks of the start of another film series. How Scattergood, Clarence Budington Kelland's wanderer philosopher, comes to the little town of Coldriver, puts everything in order, straightens out complicated humans. Guy Kibbee is Scattergood. (69 minutes.)

BLONDE INSPIRATION (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). Maybe not the worst picture of 1941, but a strong contender. Reveals the inner workings of a pulp-paper magazine devoted to Western fiction. Even Charles Butterworth isn't amusing. (90 minutes.)

Spread pancakes with Parkay—and you'll have a feast! Heat brings out all the appetizing flavor of this new margarine made by Kraft.

Parkay is delicious also as a spread for bread, rolls, toast . . . as an economical flavor shortening . . . for all pan-frying. And any way you use it, Parkay is nourishing. An excellent energy food and a reliable year 'round source of Vitamin A (8,000 U.S.P. XI units per pound).

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★★★★—Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story, Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love, Boom Town.

★★★½—Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter, The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River.

★★★—Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ MORNING IN THE LAND, by Jessica Nelson North. Greystone Press.

A colorful and not-too-sternly told story of English and Norwegian pioneers in Wisconsin. The Indian situation is handled with understanding, and the love story is moving.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

MARY GOODFELLOW learned millinery at the famed Paris establishment of Suzanne Talbot. Now Mary creates original hat styles, and owns race horses for recreation. She's the sportingest of our fashionable milliners. Here are tips from her on the Easter Bonnet Derby of 1941:

The hat of the season will be the *skimmer*, a very small low-crowned sailor of taffeta or cloth, with flowers in front, or bows, and with a veil. Plaid taffeta is top choice. Next favored are black satin, white flannel. . . . Wearing the skimmer you *must* keep your chin up to look right in it. If you wear one of the new scoop-brim hats, do your hair high to get the intriguingly pretty behind-ear effect. Turnover collars go best with large-brimmed hats; jabots with little flat-brimmed hats. In general, an off-the-face hat is more becoming to a blonde than to a brunette. No matter what kind of hat you have, put it on with affectionate care. *Don't* jam it on.

Canadian-born, Mary Goodfellow first went abroad to study singing. She found hats more lucrative as a means of eating regularly. Anyway, making hats had been a hobby of hers since schoolgirl years. In private life she now is Mrs. Douglas Hertz. Her sports-promoter husband recently acquired the New York Yankees' football club. He's also president of the Pegasus Polo Club. Mary met him through buying a horse from him. Says he rooked her unmercifully on that deal.

☆ Just before the war portrait painter Leon Gordon convoyed his daughter Louise to Paris for a year of art school. Could stay only a few days himself, but Paris wasn't going to dazzle her after he left, determined Leon. He'd see to that!

With three American girl friends, Flora, Margaret, and Dervil, Louise was treated by her father to such a big night out that no boys' jamboree could hope to match it.

Dinner in Montmartre, theater on the Boulevards, supper at Maxim's with champagne and dancing till dawn, then breakfast at the glamorous Château de Madrid. What a party! Louise is a New York fabric designer now. Flora's married in Texas, Margaret's doing war work in London, Dervil in Ireland. They all remember that night as the high time of their lives. Paris never bedazzled them after that.

Sagacious papa!

"I have to go out, dear. I've left your dinner on the table."

☆ Concerning the nature and durability of love, *some one* must take public issue against State Senator A. E. Edwards of Olympia, Washington, so the decrier might as well be I. On behalf of a good sound medical marriage law, Senator Edwards made this unsound statement: "Love," he said, "is a mild form of insanity and doesn't last over thirty days." . . . That isn't love, senator; that's *infatuation*, and even the craziest infatuation can outlast many a political career.

As for true love—I would be insane indeed if I suggested *any* limit there!

☆ Before the end of Lent you may hanker for something a little spicy. Try these *Spanish Eggs in Pimento Cups:* . . . Drain whole canned pimentos—they come 8 in a large can, 4 in a small. Butter individual ramekins of ovenproof glass or earthenware. In each ramekin put 1 pimento, open side up, to form a cup. Drop a raw egg into each pimento. Top with 1 tablespoon cream, pepper and salt, a sprinkle of grated cheese and bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven till eggs are set.

Serve in the ramekins, accompanied by a cream sauce flavored with cheese and a dash of Worcestershire.

Serve baked potatoes and a mixed green salad on the side.

☆ Now I have precise information as to where charity begins. It not only begins at home—it begins in the kitchen. . . . A small-town banker of my acquaintance has been financing various relatives through hard times. When he shelled out another $500 the other day, his wife's cook blew up. "Listen, boss," said the cook. "Before you give any more money away, I want a new kitchen stove. I may not be related to you by blood—but I'm related to you by stummick."

☆ Appropriate as an Easter gift book this year is Gunnar Gunnarsson's new novel, The Good Shepherd, a heroic story from Iceland, latest theater of war. (Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

☆ College professors and scientists notwithstanding, in a way the most absent-minded person I know is a lady who once played in pictures with Rudolph Valentino. She is Dagmar Godowsky, daughter of the late great pianist, Leopold Godowsky. When Dagmar feels blue, she has to tie a string around her finger to remind herself of the reason for her melancholy.

Ambassador to Hitler

Revelations and a momentous prophecy! An extraordinary chronicle reviews the vivid high lights of three fateful years

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART ELEVEN—CONCLUSION

A Shot at a U. S. Diplomat

January 16, 1934. The American Minister in Vienna, George Earle, called. He is good-natured and very anti-Nazi. He went once to Prague and denounced the German Nazis in Czechoslovakia in a manner which caused a protest. A few days before last Christmas he wired me to dine with him at a public dinner in honor of Chancellor Dollfuss, so hated in Germany that he dares not put his foot on German soil. I wired that I could not accept. It would have made a sensation, and Earle would have been even worse off than he is.

He related some of his disagreeable experiences with Nazi chiefs in Vienna, including threats against his life. One day while hunting in the Austrian Tyrol he had been shot at and his boot torn half off. He left his boots on the train so as not to let his wife know what had happened. "That is Nazi Austria," he said. He added that the Nazis say, "Hitler is Jesus Christ for the whole of Europe and everybody must recognize it." . . . I sent him to his train in my car as a means of protection in case the Secret Police were watching.*

Before It Was Too Late

March 2. At an informal dinner with the British Ambassador, I learned that Anthony Eden had been rebuffed in Paris, perhaps simply put off. French *popular* opinion is reported to be very pacifist, French *official* and *military* opinion to hold that a "preventive war" with Germany should start this spring. The idea is to catch Germany and seize the Rhineland before it is too late.

Hitler, Goebbels, Göring—Dodd's Early Impressions

March 7. As I am writing my diary tonight after having seen Hitler, I am inserting the general impressions I have received. The Hitler regime is composed of three rather inexperienced and very dogmatic persons, all of whom have been more or less connected with murderous undertakings in the last eight or ten years. . . . Hitler is romantic-minded and half-informed about great historical events and men in Germany. He was for a number of years a strict imitator of Mussolini. He rose to power by organizing elements which were unemployed and indignant because Germany had not won the World War. In the back of his mind is the old German idea of dominating Europe through warfare.

Hitler's first lieutenant is Goebbels, some ten years younger, a miniature figure who was not engaged in the war but imbibed the bitterness against France and the rest of the world. After the war he engaged in organizing militant gangster groups in western Germany. . . . He is far cleverer than Hitler, is much more belligerent, and, I am told, always refuses to have contacts with foreigners.

The third member of this triumvirate, Hermann Göring, represents more clearly aristocratic and Prussian Germanism. He enjoys great support from the larger business interests. He has mobilized the old Prussian extremists and militarists on behalf of the present regime.

A unique triumvirate! They do not love each other, but in order to maintain their power they have to sit down together. . . .

Because He Had Known Roehm

July 9. I learned this morning that Professor Morsbach, who had invited American professors and students to travel about Germany for a month and who had managed the foreign student exchange fellowships, is in prison and in danger of being killed. He happened to be an acquaintance, perhaps a friend, of Roehm. A committee of the Carl Schurz Foundation visitors tells me the Americans are amazed that their host is thus persecuted, without proof, at the very moment of their arrival. They ask if I can do anything. Morsbach being a German citizen, I have no rights in the case. But the unusual aspects in it led me to call acting Consul General Geist and commission him to make inquiries and report to them.

July 11. Mr. Geist reported that Professor Morsbach is in a concentration camp. His hair was clipped close to the skin; his clothing was that of a field hand; he had not been allowed to shave since his incarceration. There were 300 sterilized German prisoners in the camp. When Geist, in the presence of police officials, was about to say farewell to him, the persecuted professor said: "Please give my regards to and thank the American Ambassador." Geist said there were strange surprised expressions on every face.

Harry Hopkins' Idea of Hitler

July 16. I lunched with the Russian Ambassador. Sir Eric Phipps was present, as was Harry Hopkins, confidant, it seems, of President Roosevelt. Mr. Hopkins was engaging and rather glad we had not arranged an interview with Hitler. He said he would be ashamed to shake hands with such a murderer. . . .

Nazis Were Decent to Dogs

August 5. There is one trait here, the love of animals, which reveals a German characteristic I had never noticed. At a time when nearly every German is afraid to speak a word to any but the closest friends, dogs are so happy that one feels they wish to talk. Only the horses seem to be equally happy, never the children or the youth. . . .

"Some One Will Do It, Must.."

August 10. The mother of a former student of mine in Chicago, who is becoming an American citizen after my intervention against his forced return to Germany, came to see me to read a letter from her son. She was glad to know he was well, even if unemployed. She broke into tears as she described her terrorized position. She is a Catholic, married to a Jewish journalist of democratic faith. She said she had money enough in Prague to take her to the

* On February 23, 1941, after an incident in Sofia, Mr. Earle, now Minister to Bulgaria, stated: "I requested the playing of Tipperary. A German threw a bottle at me. I warded it off and retaliated by injuring his features."

The Ambassador, retired, delivering his message to the American League for Peace and Democracy.

United States the moment her son obtained employment. He is a brilliant young doctor of philosophy from a German university. I told her I would do what I could to help him. . . . Nothing, however, seemed to appease her sorrow. She broke out: "This system here is terrible! There is no way out but for some one to murder the great murderer who rules us. Some one will do it, must do it." . . .

Hitler as a Roosevelt

August 20. Herr Hecke of the Reichsbank brought me a pamphlet recently published here by a philosopher who describes all of German philosophy from Kant to Nietzsche as merely the prelude to the social philosophy which underlies the Nazi regime. The second part summarizes Hitler's social attitude and political purpose; in the third, Roosevelt's work and purposes are analyzed. According to the author and the bank official who gave me the pamphlet, Hitler and Roosevelt have the same ideals and purposes and both synchronize with the general German philosophy from Kant to Hegel to Nietzsche. I was earnestly besought to send the absurd pamphlet to the President. The banker was typically naïve. Imagine such a man in high position in the German Reichsbank!

"Our Hitler"? Probably Not!

August 22. I went with my family to the famous Passion Play at Oberammergau, escorted by the mayor, who gave the Hitler greeting whenever he met any acquaintance on the

THE PRIVATE DIARY OF WILLIAM E. DODD

street. The play during the morning portrayed the early life of Jesus and the Old Testament prophecies. I saw no Jews present. . . . At three o'clock the tragedy slowly moved to its culmination. When Jesus was tried before the angry Jewish court, a well dressed German, looking very solemn, said to me: "*Es ist unser Hitler.* (It is our Hitler.)" A kinswoman of mine, sitting in another part of the hall, told me as we came out together: "A woman near me said, as Judas received his thirty pieces of silver, '*Es ist Roehm!*'"

Dorothy Thompson's Expulsion

August 24. Mrs. Sinclair Lewis [Dorothy Thompson] called and talked for half an hour about a plan of hers to study and describe the present German sociophilosophic system, if one may call it a system. After she left, Dr. Dieckhoff came. We had talked for a few minutes when Mrs. Lewis called from her hotel and said she had just received an order from the Secret Police to leave the country in twenty-four hours! "What shall I do?" she asked. I said: "Go at once to Acting Consul General Geist." She thanked me and hung up. Dieckhoff said he would do all he could to restrain the Secret Police. . . .

Dodd Diagnoses a Mental Case

October 6. The newspapers indicate the emergence of a Fascist regime in Spain. Europe is crazy; no one can say what is in store for us. I spent the morning reading masses of documents and reports on conditions in Germany. At any other time in modern German history I would say a revolution is ahead, but evidence has no significance if all communications are in the hands of a single man and he a monomaniac. He thinks himself called by some God to redeem Germany, and hence no German scholar or statesman dares say a word in criticism of anything. . . .

Holland Saw It Coming in '34—

November 8. We lunched today with the British Ambassador and Richard Strauss, the great Austrian musician. About October 13 I had asked Sir Eric Phipps whether there was a pact between England and Holland under which England guarantees the Dutch position in the Far East and Holland opens her harbors to England in case of another war provoked by Germany or Japan or both. He then said he knew of no such pact. At table today there was no exchange of remarks that might in any way be called intimate. . . . At four o'clock I called on the Dutch Minister and asked him about the pact. He said there was none, but acknowledged he had been in London in the hope of doing something. He said Holland would be compelled to enter the next war or be annexed by Germany. He was certain that war was coming.

—and Poland Was Beginning To

November 17. The Polish Ambassador, Lipski, called. He was frank: "The pact of last winter is only a temporary affair. Germany intends to reannex part of our country; the maps posted all over Germany show this clearly. I protested against these a few days ago, and received no satisfactory answer from the Foreign Office. The Russians and the Germans are negotiating a commercial treaty which I think has a political and military pact attached, but it is secret." Germany, he went on, intends also to reannex Alsace-Lorraine, as well as Austria and Czechoslovakia. Europe will be a German realm if she succeeds. This was nothing new, but coming from one who had helped his country humiliate France in 1933, it was interesting. . . .

A Story Worth Repeating

November 23. Frank Gannett (the newspaper publisher) came in and reported that London was very fearful that Göring would send a thousand aircraft over that city during some fog and destroy it before the English could begin a defense. I rather doubted the story and suspected it was all a means of getting appropriations from Parliament for enlarging the British air forces. . . .

Must This Prophecy Come True?

December 10. The Dutch Minister was perturbed about the Japanese denunciation of the Treaty of Washington: "It means war if the United States and England do not unite in their Far Eastern policy. England will lose her Hong Kong and other Chinese concessions, the United States will find the Philippines annexed to Japan, and we, the Dutch people, will lose our 300-year-old Far Eastern holdings."

Dodd on a Borah-Johnson Success

December 29. I had an engagement to lunch with the President today [in the White House]. I presented my plan to prevent war and bring all nations into some sort of co-operation. The United States, I said, must co-operate with England and Holland in the Far East, give the Philippines their independence and guarantee the existing status in that region, allowing Japan the privilege of coming into the agreement. Then the United States ought to join the League of Nations, forcing Germany and Italy into co-operation with England and France for peace and reduction of armaments. . . .

The President said: "I agree as to the Far East and think we must do something in that region. Japan is annexing parts of China and plans to annex more and control all of Asia, including India." As to a joint resolution to join the League, he said: "I am skeptical of public opinion, but I have asked the Senate to approve our joining the World Court and later I shall ask for authority to send an Ambassador to Geneva."

January 31, 1935. This morning the newspapers brought the story of the Senate defeat of Roosevelt's request for American entrance into the World Court. Borah and Johnson were two of the outstanding opponents of that mild move in the direction of world co-operation. Borah has long been silly about foreign relations; Johnson has howled about debts due the United States, as though our states had not repudiated hundreds of millions due European creditors. . . .

"Thousands of Germans Would. ."

April 20. At 12 o'clock Dr. Goebbels spoke over the radio to all Germans, also to Latin and North Americans who cared to listen. I wonder how many cut their radios off. . . . What he said about Hitler represents, however, almost exactly what 80 per cent of the Germans think. He indicated what a calamity it would be if any one of the three "immortals," Hitler, Göring, and Goebbels, were to be killed. I am a little surprised that he said this, since there are thousands of Germans who would kill the Führer if they had a chance and pay the penalty with their own lives. At least this is common talk, I hear in indirect ways.

Hitler as a Maid of Orleans

May 1. The annual Labor Day in Germany, the great day, passed without other events than the speeches here of Hitler and Goebbels, the latter having compared his chief to Joan of Arc as the one person who converses with God Almighty about his country's affairs.

"This Royal Throne of Kings, This Sceptred Isle. ."

September 27. Hoping to get information about the Italian-Ethiopian war, about to break, I called on the French Ambassador. He is more concerned all the time about the German situation, also about the divided opinion in France over everything. . . . At the British Embassy, Sir Eric Phipps talked freely enough but gave no information except that he was very uneasy lest a war break out in the Mediterranean, where one of his sons is an officer on a warship. He agreed that Mussolini really aims at getting control of the Suez Canal and of Egypt. "That means the beginning of the decline of the British Empire, not unlike the decline of Holland after 1713," I said. He did not say "no," and I did not press the point for discussion. . . . What a pity to have the leader of modern civilization lose its power and prestige! The land of Shakespeare and Milton going under.

Hitler as a Copernicus

October 16. I went to hear Hans Kerrl, Minister for Church Affairs, explain the Nazi Party attitude to the evangelical churches of Germany.

He spoke for an hour and a half: The Nazi Party members are the true Christians of Germany and all church folk must ultimately become Nazi Christians. He argued that Hitler had done for modern civilization what Copernicus had done when he discovered proof that the world was round, not flat, as all Christians then believed. All the world, he said, would ultimately accept the Hitler idea, as "our ancestors had ultimately accepted Copernicus." . . .

Von Papen on Huey Long's Death

December 20. The German papers have suddenly ceased their fun-making of the League of Nations. The British House of Commons voted yesterday such a sharp criticism of the Hoare-Laval scheme that Hoare resigned. . . .

At eight o'clock I sat down by von Papen at a dinner given at the Herren Club. To my surprise, von Papen quite openly said: "Well, I see that your people have got rid of Huey Long." He then asked if there was real opposition to Roosevelt. I said: "Yes; big business is almost unanimously opposed, and Father Coughlin is always breaking loose." Von Papen is a Catholic, but he showed no sympathy with Coughlin. In the library of the club there was group conversation which indicated strong approval of the British abandonment of the Hoare-Laval business. One elderly man spoke of Woodrow Wilson as the one statesman of the World War era—"a man who meant to put an end to war." He added: "There is far more approval of Wilson in Germany than you suppose."

William Edward Dodd's Legacy to Us All: "Act Courageously"

January 9, 1936. Most Germans I see stress the peace objectives of the Third Reich. But this evening my wife and I went to the UFA-Palast to see the widely advertised Unser Wehrmacht (Our Defense Power) film. For an hour a huge audience applauded the scenes: vast army fields with tanks and machine guns operating and soldiers falling to the ground, all shooting and some killed; great parades of heavy trucks and big cannon; air attacks with hundreds of flying machines dropping bombs on a city. At strategic moments Hitler, Göring, and even Goebbels appeared on the scene. The audience applauded many times.

If this means German devotion to peace, I cannot understand this psychology. When Hitler speaks he stresses his peace objectives, yet he and Göring parade on every possible occasion in their elaborate uniforms, all the soldiers shouting, "Heil Hitler!" The generals of the Reichswehr seem less enthusiastic but they never condemn war as a means of advancing Germany's interests. . . .

January 13. Max Sering came to talk about another international agricultural conference. When he said, "Germany does not want war again," I could not help mentioning the film we saw. He, like most Germans, does not grasp the attitudes behind such shows and the sale of millions of little bombs and tanks to children as Christmas presents.

February 1. What Europe is to do with 68,000,000 people bent upon another war, I cannot guess. If all states combine and remain armed to the teeth, the struggle may be delayed but not actually avoided. Not to form a solid front will mean annexations east, west, and north, and 90,000,000 people in the German Reich. The French and English peoples have become overwhelmingly pacifist, and the Germans know this. Pacifism is the attitude of the United States also, but pacifism will mean a great war and the subordination of all Europe to Germany if the pacifist peoples do not act courageously at this critical moment in their history.

THE END

Today, you can't find a place to park

A LEAF floating lazily to earth in a sleeping forest. Brilliant patches of sunlight stealing across deep shadows.

The tempo of life so patient that change is imperceptible.

Solitude!

Today throbbing crowds, eager and determined faces, impatient traffic. You can't find a place to park. The pioneer has built a city!

His achievements sprang of ambition. His goal was worth the hard work with crude tools, against merciless odds.

* * * *

Industry today is being challenged to see a *new* goal and reach it. The challenge is being accepted.

America is stepping faster—better ideas, more raw materials, more finished products. Science is doing its share, laboratories are discovering new methods—all in a spirit of determination that will fill the world with wonder. Have we not always been a nation of workmen, with a confidence in our ability to surmount obstacles that only strong men would tackle?

* * * *

People who get results agree that there is no substitute for hard work—that recreation and relaxation are staunch partners of prolonged effort.

In your well-earned leisure, select a beverage of moderation. A tall, stately glass of Budweiser is a standing invitation to make your moments of relaxation complete.

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100% Neutral Spirits
Distilled from Grain

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40 Answers by Lt. Gen. Robert Lee Bullard to His Questions on Page 38

1—George Washington, lieutenant general. For eight years' service no pay—he would accept none.

2—Seventeenth, in size of armed land forces.

3—The late Anthony Fokker, a Hollander, who for many years was a builder of commercial planes in the United States. While building thousands of military planes in Germany, he invented a synchronizing mechanism which fired a machine gun straight ahead, through the propeller.

4—The President; the Secretary of War, a civilian, and the army Chief of Staff.

5—The Indians. In campaigns in the Southwest in the '80s against Geronimo, our army, using single-shot rifles, often met an enemy armed with repeaters. Our conservative army did not adopt the more rapid fire weapon for a decade or more.

6—"A million men will spring to arms overnight," said William Jennings Bryan. And—God help us—there are some who still believe that could happen and be effective in defense!

7—According to the late General Westover, air force chief, as long as to educate a doctor or a lawyer.

8—Artillery, overwhelmingly; 75 per cent as compared with around 7 per cent in most wars of the previous century.

9—Cavalry, horse or scout car, observation planes. Soon—since perfected but not in use—radio-controlled, unmanned planes, sending television back to General Headquarters.

10—Get there quickest with the most "machine war" *fire power;* or a blitzkrieg attack. That's what the Germans have been doing in Europe.

11—Major General Leonard Wood. Washington looked with scorn upon Wood's first attempt at turning citizens into officers, considering it amateurish and impractical. But when we entered the war, the army had to copy Wood's system to provide the 200,000 citizen officers who finally were in uniform.

12—Secretary of War Elihu Root, after the Spanish-American War had proved the dire need for it.

13—Barely 100,000; 1,300,000.

14—*All* kinds of modern, swift, hard-hitting weapons; perfection of the tactics of their use; *practice* in their use. It's a long road.

15—The original colonies; Texas and area westward to the coast; return of the Southern states; much of the West, in the course of protecting settlers against Indians.

16—Regulars, National Guard, Reserve.

17—In the stalemate war of 1914-18, men had to huddle in trenches and "take it." Figures on this war are not available, but there has been neither the same massing of human targets, nor the old-style long artillery preparation for attack.

18—North, $3,250,000,000; South, $1,500,000,000.

19—Many. Army engineers built the Capitol, Washington Monument, Library of Congress, and many other buildings in Washington. They dug the Panama Canal. They care for our rivers and harbors. The Signal Corps gave us the Weather Bureau. Army medics wiped out the scourge of yellow fever.

20—No. America developed it, but did not go ahead and develop the tactics for its most effective use in conjunction with ground forces.

21—In some colonies there was conscription. In many areas, patriotic leaders raised volunteer units of which they became commanders.

22—No. General Emory Upton revised it, more in line with our needs, after the Civil War.

23—A regularly organized force or team of infantry, light artillery, engineers, signal corps; with quartermaster, medical and ordnance troops in proper proportion. Old style, 27,000 officers and men; new organization, around 15,000, for quicker and better handling.

24—A combination of two or more divisions, with added forces in suitable proportions of heavy artillery, special service troops, and air corps; all together forming a complete small army.

25—None. One is about two thirds motorized.

26—None. Five have been ordered and are being formed as rapidly as personnel and arms can be assembled.

27—Russia, but was unable to use them effectively in Finland.

28—It turned back Lee's attempted invasion of the North.

29—Yes, 1,400. France, according to Foch, had 2,400.

30—A newly appointed second lieutenant. From the fact that young mules come to the army with their tails shaved, except a tuft at the end.

31—World War I. By Russia. They were designed and built by Igor Sikorsky, now a famous American designer and builder.

32—The Chinese, who looked upon the soldier as the lowest order of society; and China has been attacked, dominated, or conquered repeatedly.

33—Yes. Egypt, a subject nation since long before the Christian era. Poland, many times partitioned.

34—J. Walter Christie, American tank designer.

35—Both. But censorship, which barred identification of divisions, regiments, etc., let the word "marine" slip through. The A. E. F. grouched that the marines had won the war. Our amphibian soldiers, on leave, were kissed off the streets of Paris. But there may have been compensations.

36—Had the Germans won, they'd have commanded heights dominating a valley road to Paris—and victory.

37—American old-style division, stretching *thirty miles* on a highway, fourteen or fifteen miles in a day. German infantry recently, with packs carried in horse carts, thirty to thirty-five miles. In one demonstration, American infantry, motorized, about 340 miles in one day's "march."

38—The Civil War. Involved were, first to last, 2,200,000 Northern and 1,000,000 Confederate troops. The lessons of this war were studied by the military experts of all leading nations during two generations.

39—America, more than twice over. The score: United States, fifty-five divisions, each twice the size of a British division, of which there were fifty-two.

40—In application in war, yes. But the United States army had demonstrated these same tactics in "war games" in Michigan in 1936, though with less aviation co-operation. However, we neglected its development.

Grease-Paint Gallop

How I Make Male Stars Pretty

BY PERC WESTMORE

Secrets! A famous Hollywood master of make-up tells some tales out of school

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHENEVER I hear that line, "Vanity, thy name is woman," I smile and think of my friend Mr. Charles Boyer. He was making All This, and Heaven Too, and he was dying. His noble head, complete with hair piece, was propped by snowy pillows. His nightshirt was freshly pressed. His nails had been manicured minutes before. His eyebrows were neatly brushed. Grease paint high-lighted the correct convolutions of his Latin features and shadow paint made his big brown eyes glow lustrously. Electricians had captured just the right, the most flattering rays.

Mr. Boyer died so gracefully, so beautifully — and several times — while the camera whirred. At each "Cut!" he reached beneath the covers and brought forth an instrument. It never left his hand until the next take.

He died with a hand mirror under the sheets.

I have been specializing in Hollywood beauty—both male and female —for over twenty years. At one time or another I've beautified almost every big star in both silent and talkie Hollywood. And I've often been asked this question: "Which are the more vain—Hollywood men or Hollywood women?" Ask me another—please! To be honest, I don't know. I'd say it was about a toss-up. I've had feminine prima donnas drive me to distraction with fussy beauty demands. But I've also had a man like Charles Laughton keep me stewing forty days and forty nights redoing his face—then toss over my labors of love with a piqued snap of his fingers.

I'm not sure that I blame them. Hollywood's heroes are peacocks by profession. And there are tricks in all trades. You bet there are!

I made up Clark Gable for his first screen test. He was doing The Last Mile then with a road company in Los Angeles. He was a big, good-looking, clean-cut fellow; but all I could see were those two big ears at each side of his head. I put a dark base on his ears to absorb as much light as possible. That's all I could do. His hair was clipped short on the sides and his head looked like a loving cup.

Clark took several studio screen tests. He was turned down—because of those enormous flappers. I know he considered an operation to pin them back, and most people in Hollywood today will swear that he had just such an operation. You don't notice his ears any more.

No plastic surgeon has ever touched Clark's ears. But, if you'll notice, he wears his hair long and full on the sides. That closes the gap. The average man gets his hair cut far too short on the sides. If he'd let it grow a little longer he'd never be called "Wind Wings." But then, the average man doesn't make his living by charm. Movie stars do. That makes a difference.

All romantic screen males have one patron saint—Lord Byron. Byron had full wavy locks and a profile like a Greek god—and the ladies loved him. John Barrymore, Basil Rathbone, Warren William, and Brian Aherne are modern-day movie Byrons. And don't think they don't realize it. The first thing John Barrymore does when he sits at his make-up table is to run a line of grease paint down the center of his nose. That high-lights the Great Profile and lavender grease paint takes care of the rest.

But don't think all male screen stars are like the meticulous Monsieur Boyer or the profile-proud Barrymore. Some have to be almost roped and hog-tied to get make-up on. Gary Cooper never wears a speck of the stuff, nor does Spencer Tracy. Jimmy Stewart takes very little. I have to wrestle John Garfield almost every time he comes in my office to tone down his wide Slavic features. Humphrey Bogart has two bad scars —one on his upper lip and the other on his right cheekbone. It always takes a half hour's high-pressure selling to get them covered up.

But in twenty years I've learned that screen stars have to be attractive even if they're playing tough guys. A Hollywood man is still a dream man to his fans. He can't

afford to let them down. Not on the screen. Away it's sometimes different.

You'll never find Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby, or Bill Powell wearing a hair-lace wig in their off-studio moments. Yet you know as well as I that the hair they have left wouldn't make up a respectable shoebrush. You've seen a thousand pictures of them snapped at their ease, and nothing catches a high light like a balding pate.

But you'll never see them on the screen without their hair pieces. They'd be cheating the customers. Charles Boyer, Conrad Nagel, Pat O'Brien, and a couple dozen more all play cover-up for the camera. The only two who could use a hair piece but scorn it are Joel McCrea and Brian Aherne.

Thinning hair, of course, is the average man's greatest bugaboo, and stars aren't any different. George Raft worries more about his hair line than any one I ever knew. George has as much hair now as when he first came to Hollywood, but every little black strand he plucks off his coat collar gives him the shakes.

On the other hand, Fredric March features his slightly retreating hairline. It helps out his profile.

It's a funny thing about hair and movie heroes. There has never been a major star with crinkly hair. Alan Hale has been one of Hollywood's finest actors for thirty years. He has also owned its frizziest mop. He has never been a star. Harry Richman packs them in night clubs *au naturel*, but when he came to Hollywood we had to put on a wig to cover up the ripples. Preston Foster has very curly natural hair but he wears a toupee too—a straight one. The new sensation, Dennis Morgan, has a wonderful set of unruly scalp surf—but you'll never see it. It has been cut, combed, and dressed out.

MOST Hollywood men who have endured the ordeal of a permanent wave have done so for the art's sake of a particular part, although some develop suspicious steady waves after a few months around town. I've steamed permanent marcels into the topknots of John Barrymore, Basil Rathbone, Francis Lederer, Warren William, Louis Hayward, and Fernand Gravet, among others; but I don't think any of them liked it. Who would? Studios insist on it more often than not. It saves time, and time is money in Hollywood.

Dyeing is something a touch more personal — although most masculine tinted topknots in Hollywood are special cases—either for a particular camera job, or else to offset some unusual follicular failing. George Brent, for instance, has been touching up his hair ever since he came to Hollywood. He's had to. George started getting prematurely gray when he was fifteen years old. In his newest picture George lets it go naturally gray for the first time, and my personal prediction is that he'll have an appeal such as he's never had before.

Gene Raymond, the only male platinum blond I ever knew, isn't that way either by nature or by choice. Gene has valid blond hair, all right, but it's just the shade and type to spot and streak every time he ventures into the sunshine. On the screen that was disaster. Gene finally bleached it in self-defense.

I've supervised repaint jobs on the variegated locks of Thomas Mitchell, Roland Young, Leslie Howard, Sidney Blackmer, John Barrymore, Brian Aherne, and so many more I can't remember. But, outside of one or two cases, I've never suspected personal vanity. In the first place, picture people associate with other picture people, and most of those professionals could spot a dye job a mile away. Charlie Chaplin's white hair has been dyed black more than once; but Charlie always lets his hair be its age when his picture is finished.

As a matter of fact, most Hollywood men don't blench at the sad refrain of "Darling, I am growing old," as every one supposes. Ronald Colman was fifty this February and, gray hair or not, I'll take him for my ladies' man. Jack Barrymore at fifty-nine isn't doing so badly, either. A whole lot of the rejuvenator masculine beauty gadgets Hollywood stars regularly employ aren't so much to wipe out the tracks of Father Time as to achieve a certain effect. Take the much publicized Mr. Barrymore, for instance.

JOHN BARRYMORE in any romantic job always wears what we call "lifts." There are two kinds of lifts, and Jack, in his Don Juan day, has worn them both. The lift I'm talking about now consists of two straps of invisible tape at the temples which pull back the sagging cheeks and jowls of a middle-aged Romeo and streamline his face again. John has worn facial lifts for years; but he has also made plenty of pictures without them. It depends on the part. The main reason why Barrymore hoists his profile is the same reason he laces himself into a girdle. Barrymore naturally is inclined to droopy posture. Let him be himself and he stalks around doubled up like Groucho Marx. Put face lifts on John, and it's like a checkrein on a horse. His head is tossed back and there's fire in his eye!

Edward G. Robinson and George Raft generally wear lifts, too; but the other kind—shoe lifts—as do most screen shorties when stacked up against a tall leading lady. It's amazing what just one added inch on the heel, a half inch of inner sole, and trousers cut longer in the back than the front (to hide the high heel) can do to a man. George Raft is another corseteer, like Barrymore. But George got used to his girdle long before he saw pictures. It's part of a speed dancer's regular equipment.

The funniest Hollywood girdle story I know concerns an all-man Irishman you know as Pat O'Brien. Pat prepped for his recent Knute Rockne part with the greatest fervor of his career. "Rock" was sort of an idol to him and to play the Notre Dame immortal properly Pat took off twenty pounds the hard way, playing handball, heaving a rowing machine, practically tearing himself to pieces in all sorts of physical exercise. With the aid of a rubber girdle, he actually succeeded in looking like a trim college athlete in the first part of the picture.

Then it was discovered that Rockne the coach packed around a respectable paunch. . Pat started stuffing solids, but he didn't have time. After taking off all that weight via the rubber girdle, Pat finally had to pad out a false bay window!

FIFTEEN years ago almost every leading man in the movies was a thing of real beauty. It wasn't their fault; it was ours. We knew practically nothing about masculine make-up. We gave them oomph. We dolled up Wally Reid, Rudolph Valentino, Eugene O'Brien, Ramon Novarro, and Lloyd Hughes like chorus girls. We laid on lipstick, eye shadow, powder, mascara, and eyebrow pencil so thick you could scrape it off the screen. We know better now—but still, every now and then an actor comes along whose features are on the pretty side. Then a dab too much of anything is dynamite.

I don't know of a more regular fellow in Hollywood than Bing Crosby. You can't knock Bing to any one who knows him. But in his first picture Bing looked like a girl. Errol Flynn is another it wouldn't pay to challenge in the prize ring, in a sailboat, or on a tennis court. But Errol is definitely on the pretty side. George Brent, a man's man if there ever was one, might be standing in Errol Flynn's swashbuckling boots today if the long wig required for Captain Blood hadn't made George look like Hedy Lamarr instead of a pirate. He had first crack at the test.

Whenever I hear an out-country kibitzer whistling at a Hollywood pretty boy's screen shadow, I always want to write the victim a note and plead, "For heaven's sake, put on a 'Ronnie Colman'!" That's standard slang for a mustache in movie make-up circles. It harks back to that famous story of Colman's break. Ronald was just another British actor making a meager screen living off his Bond Street wardrobe when Henry King, the director, sketched a mustache on his lip with a pencil. The impromptu transformation won him the lead in The White Sister and made him a star. Since then mustaches have been Hollywood aces in the hole to manly up the boys beautiful, and I'll admit I own a sentimental attachment for them.

I broke into the Hollywood make-up game by the hair on another man's fastidious lip—or rather the hair I put on another man's lip. His name was Adolphe Menjou, and the first

time I saw him he was wild-eyed and upset. He had reason to be. Half of his upper lip sported a mustache. The other half was clean-shaven. He hammered on the locked door of the Maison Cesar, an early-day movie beauty shop, where I was janitor and errand boy. It was early in the morning and I was sweeping out the place. "I've had an accident," exploded Menjou. "I shaved off half my mustache this morning, and I'm due on the set in a half hour. Do something about it—quick!"

Menjou rushed out a few minutes later to the set of the late Douglas Fairbanks' Three Musketeers. He played all day, then told Doug about the fifty-fifty mustache and the kid at Cesar's. Fairbanks called me that night. He closed down his set for two days while my father and I remade all the beards and mustaches in that very hairy picture. That was my start as a Hollywood make-up man. Since then I've seen a movie mustache save the day more than once.

After the "Beautiful Bob" publicity which almost ruined Robert Taylor's career, M-G-M roughed him up with a 'Ronnie.' Tyrone Power, too, has had the mustache masculinity treatment. Richard Greene, naturally far too handsome for his own career's good, was scheduled for the same before Britain called him to the colors.

Sometimes, of course, nothing works. James Melton came to Hollywood with a reputation when singing pictures were riding the crest. I gave him everything on the make-up shelves; the studio even hired Mushy Callahan, the ex-prizefighter, to wallop off some of his fat. It was no use. The last scene in the picture was his last scene in Hollywood. Melton had a wonderful voice, but in spite of everything we did he still looked like Julian Eltinge.

Ordinarily, though, make-up is just as potent and important to a Hollywood man as to a Hollywood woman. And the extent to which movie actors use it seldom has anything to do with their respective virilities. I'll admit that, after all these years around sets, I still have to stifle a snicker every time I see a cowboy star like Gene Autry, complete with chaps, sombrero, and six-gun, patting his manly chin with a powder puff. But Jimmy Cagney, I know, tones down his wide forehead with make-up; "Little Caesar" Eddie Robinson and hard guy Robert Armstrong go in heavy for mascara and eye shadow, else they'd photograph like Chinese. The forelock above Laurence Olivier's low hairline must be combed forward, Dick Powell's thick lips thinned down, Allan Jones' too broad mandibles darkened to normal photographic size. Jeffrey Lynn has to shave three times a day with an electric clipper when he's shooting, and Cary Grant always plasters on double dark make-up—else he'd photograph like a tramp with those inky whiskers of his.

In fact, almost every raw Romeo in Hollywood has some special transformation he must attend to before he dares face the critical eye of the camera, which enlarges his features just 200 times in a close-up!

Most Hollywood Apollos, however, are doing it for their fans, not themselves. Still, I have known a few who toted their movie-set beauty with them wherever they wandered. There was a gentleman star who carried a compact, and another who sipped his drinks through a straw to keep his lipstick intact. I've known of permanent nose bobs, teeth caps, face-lifting jobs, marcels, plucked eyebrows, curled lashes, and even one hairline transplanting among the screen's stronger sex.

But even in Hollywood pretty is as pretty does. Hollywood is still a small town, and a man's measure is quickly taken, regardless of his profile or the curve of his eyebrows. In their private lives, too, the most gorgeous movie males have been known to let down with a pipe, a pair of old slippers, and a stubble of beard. When the cameras roll, however, and the make-up kit comes out—that's something else.

I've never inspected Mr. Robert Taylor, and whether or not he has hair on his chest is a mystery to me. But I'll tell you this: if the growth is sparse and straggly and his picture part calls for a masculine mat—well, it can be arranged!

THE END

Catching a bulbsnatcher like this is just fun for the "Mountain Boys." But we suggest that you'll find this an easier, surer way to avoid eyestrain and annoyance: Go to your G-E lamp dealer and get enough G-E MAZDA lamps to fill up empty sockets, with a few spares for the cupboard shelf. They are brighter than ever this year! And just see how little they cost...

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

7½, 15, 25-watt 10¢
40, 50, 60-watt . . 13¢
75 or 100-watt . . 15¢

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

Rich again

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

NOT until the five seven had pulled into Grand Central and she was hurrying up the ramp toward the upper level did Laurel realize how excited she was.

To see Frank happy again, and confident again—the old Frank! To be going to dinner and a show. To be actually in New York once more!

She wanted to run; but there was a wide, overstuffed woman in green ahead of her, and a porter at her side carrying more baggage than an army mule.

"Slow freight ahead," Laurel laughed to herself. "Detour."

Frank would be waiting at the top of the ramp, impatient, eager to single her out long before she reached him. But she couldn't detour. She even had to slow her eager feet in order to avoid a rear-end collision.

She saw him at last, insolently eying the people in front of her, damning them silently because they moved so slowly. She shifted her handbag and waved her right arm.

He saw her then. His eyes were beaming. She could see them beam. He looked years younger. He looked actually handsome.

The porter stopped to catch a breath and to rearrange the luggage. The wide woman took a slow step forward; and Laurel plunged through the space thus made and ran the few remaining yards.

"Hi, beautiful," Frank said. He gave her a big smile and a quick little kiss. "You look grand."

"It's my new hat. A dollar ninety-eight. I just couldn't resist it. Like it?"

Frank put his arm about her shoulders, squeezed her a bit, and bore her away from the crowd.

"Any hat would look good on your head, baby. Even if it came out of the dime store. But that isn't the point. The point is, we're rich again. No more cheap stuff for you. No more bargain-counter fighting. No more slaving in the kitchen."

Surely that wasn't going to start all over again, Laurel hoped. And then she smiled. It was like Frank to think of buying new things for her, but he was still wearing his old brown hat.

They dined at the Piermont, the most bizarre and the most expensive restaurant in New York. Bill Bunson's orchestra, the most exploited in the country, sat enthroned on one side of the room; and there were so many musicians Laurel couldn't count them.

The place was well filled and most of the diners were in evening clothes. Jewels winked at Laurel from all parts of the room. A deferential waiter led her and Frank to a table at the edge of the dance floor, removed a little tent of cardboard that said "Reserved," and bowed to Laurel as though she were a refugee queen.

For a moment or two Laurel was young again, and gay. She was on her honeymoon, terribly in love, without cares, without responsibilities, intoxicated with happiness.

"Compliments of the management," said Frank, removing a napkin to reveal an oblong box lying beside her plate.

She opened the box with unsure fingers, and found camellias. It was all she could do to pin them in place. She couldn't look at Frank. If she did she'd cry. And she mustn't cry. He'd spent at least ten dollars for these flowers, but she mustn't chide him. At least not now. He was enjoying the moment too much.

"Oh, Frank," she said, "they're lovely!"

The waiter took away the empty box and left a menu in its place, a beautiful expensive work of art, a masterpiece of engraving.

"I'm so excited I can't eat," Laurel whispered. "Order me something light, darling."

She tried to read the menu but she couldn't. The prices hurt her eyes.

"Two Manhattans," Frank ordered. "Fruit cocktails. Consommé. The sole of Marguéry. And—let's see—something light. The turkey. Chablis with the fish. And a quart of Lanson's, demi-sec."

Turkey. He'd ordered turkey. Hadn't she read "Portion of baby turkey—$7"? Perhaps not. She must have been mistaken. Why, you could buy a whole drove of turkeys for seven dollars!

Frank leaned across the table and spoke against the music:

"I've got the best seats for the best show in town, gorgeous; and we'll have supper at the Lido. Listen! That's Happy Days they're playing. We've got to dance to that. That's our theme song from now on, Laurie. Happy days are here again!"

"Tell me about the competition," Laurel said brightly when they resumed their chairs. She must smile and be gay tonight. She mustn't say

"What's going on there?" A light flashed suddenly.

For husbands and wives—A joyous tale of love and money and marriage

anything about money. This was Frank's night. He'd won it, and she mustn't spoil it.

Frank talked all through the dinner. He hadn't talked so much nor so brilliantly nor so wittily in over a year, in almost two years. She loved him all over again. And she wondered at him, as she had used to wonder at him before their marriage.

What tortures he must have gone through, staying in the house all day, day after day, watching her work and trying not to, thinking bitter thoughts, blaming himself for an idler, a failure, a lazy good-for-nothing fool! No wonder he was so moody, so dull and taciturn, and so easily hurt during all those months. This was the first time he had really talked about the model-kitchen-prize competition. That competition had made him an old man. Yet look at him now. He was a boy again, a charming, warmhearted, fascinating companion.

"I'm not surprised you won," she said. "You deserved it, Frank. You worked so hard. You gave everything you had. I'm so happy for you!"

"And I'm happy for you," Frank answered. "I feel like old Abe Lincoln when he freed the slaves. No model kitchen for you, baby. For all the other women in the world, I hope—but not for you. No more dishpan hands for you, no more worry wrinkles in your lovely brow because of telltale gray. Happy days are here again!"

"I haven't been a slave," Laurel protested.

"The hell you haven't. Baking all day long. Making sandwiches for other people to eat. Bustling around town to make deliveries on time. Staying up late at night to get Mrs. Crackpot's order finished. Going without sleep. You know something? You won that model kitchen competition, not me. I got the idea for it watching you doing a marathon all day long between the icebox and the pantry and the china closet and the kitchen. Trying to save you a few steps here and a few there, I hit the jackpot, baby. And listen! That's Blue Skies they're playing. 'Nothing but blue skies from now on.' Come on, let's dance."

Hours later, Laurel, lying in bed, unable to sleep, relived the thrill of that dance. How long had it been since they went dancing before tonight? What did it matter? She must go dancing often again. No matter what it cost, dancing was life—a glorious part of life. Why had they stopped dancing? Because they were too poor, too busy? What silly reasons!

She looked at the grim alarm clock ticking beside her bed. Three o'clock.

Frank was awake too. And he was talking again, talking to himself. He spoke in undertones of humility and overtones of pride, but she could not distinguish the words. He was getting up. He had struck a match. He was probably smoking a cigarette. Abruptly his light flashed on. It drew her like a friendly beacon.

"I guess I'm too excited to sleep," she said, walking into his room.

He was sitting on the bed, cigar-

ette in his left hand, his right clasping his left ankle. His head was lowered, almost resting on his right knee. He might have been addressing his restless toes.

He looked up at her sideways and let that "little-girl" expression, which she both loved and hated, steal into his eyes.

"Honey," he said, "coming in that door you looked like a little girl, maybe six or seven years old. And after all I've put you through!"

He unkinked himself and reached for his socks.

"I was just reminding myself of a date I made with you a year ago or more. The splash party we were going to have when we got rich again. Baby, tonight's the night. Get dressed; get your implements of torture together. And if there's any gas in the crate we'll throw our troubles in the Sound."

He took her in his arms, one sock on, the other in his hand, and made her dance.

"Happy days are here again," he sang.

Laurel laughed, though her eyes were misty.

"If we could always be like this!" she prayed, and held him tightly and kissed him twice. "I'll be dressed in a minute. And we have enough gas. I put a quarter's worth in the tank this afternoon."

LAUREL drove. Laurel always drove when they went anywhere together. Frank was fond of saying that nobody but Laurel could possibly drive that car, and she only because she loved and knew it like a mother. He sat as close to her as he could now, watching her, paying her extravagant compliments.

"You look as bewitching in the middle of the night as you do in the middle of the day. I like the night wind in your hair. The part of life I like best is the part I spend looking at you."

Wild happiness surged up in her and frightened her so that she prayed —but not aloud:

"Dear God, thanks for giving him all that money. It's done miracles for him. But oh, please don't let him waste it again. Please, God, save him from himself."

They took the road through the village, a strange and eerie place at this hour of the morning, a pathway of thundering long trucks. They turned into a narrow lane and stopped at the edge of the small park that overlooked the waters.

"I feel like a burglar," Frank confided as he took Laurel's hastily prepared bundle from the back seat and slung it over his shoulder. The bundle jangled and clinked as he walked.

Laurel felt like a burglar, too. It didn't seem right to throw away all these things that had sustained her and Frank through the dreary years, that had paid the rent and the light and heating bills, that had given her the convenience of the telephone and the ability to buy a quarter's worth of gasoline whenever the car appeared to need it. It seemed actual treachery to them. But disposing of them thus was a gesture to point her dependence on her husband and her faith and trust in him.

They paused at the rocks that lined the shore, and Frank eased the bundle to a convenient place, sat down, and lit a cigarette. Laurel stood by him, awed and humbled and vaguely stirred by the loneliness, the immensity, the brooding splendor of the night, the dark water that splashed so softly at their feet, the lights that blinked from far across the width of the Sound—the lights of Long Island—and the few pale stars that looked down in calm and imperial apathy.

"Get that clam smell?" Frank asked. "Tide's going out."

He pointed his cigarette at a yacht riding at anchor off the point, faintly outlined, faintly disturbed by the wind and the wrinkling and unwrinkling waters.

"Isn't that the Woods yacht? Some day I'll buy you one like it, only better and bigger. Well"—he began untying the ends of the old tablecloth, "we can't stay here all night."

He handed her a pie tin.

"You cast the first stone, sister," he said. "Skim it. Can you skim it?"

"It's so callous," she whispered. "And so—so sneaky—in the dead of night and all." She was still pondering his remark about buying her a yacht. Suppose he meant it! But no, he couldn't. Anyway, she wasn't going to believe he meant it.

She skimmed the pie tin, and Frank said, "Swell!" Then he took a tin and shouted, "Fore!" and sent it skimming after hers.

They stood, laughing helplessly, yelling "Fore!" and "Look out below!" pitching and skimming the bright wares into the murmuring water and stooping to gather up fresh missiles to toss or skim.

A cake tin, clumsily handled, slipped out of Frank's fingers and went clanking from one rock to another. Before its mimic thunders had been absorbed by the hiss and the hush of the Sound, a dark form came stealthily out of the darkness under the trees, and a deep, resonant, and most indignant voice demanded;

"What's going on there? Who are you?"

A light flashed suddenly, pinning Frank's laughing face to the dark curtain of the sky, then shifted, blotting him out, dazzling Laurel's eyes with its brilliance.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sutton. Of all people to be disturbing the peace! What's the meaning of this?"

"Hello, Weyerhoffer!" Frank cried. "I didn't recognize your flashlight but I knew your voice right away. We're celebrating our diamond jubilee. Draw up a chair and have a piece of cake tin. Or do you prefer pie tin? Or maybe you'd like some spoons. Come on! You're invited to the party. How far can you throw—and I don't mean into a cell?"

HE thrust a tin toward the faint iridescence of a metallic shield. The flashlight was now hovering over the old tablecloth, its frayed edges flapping ghostlike in the wind, and on what remained of its contents.

"A queer hour and a queer place for a diamond jubilee," the policeman said. "If I didn't know the two of you so well I'd think you were wacky. But then, everybody's wacky these days."

The flashlight looked at the pie tin curiously, thoroughly, then blinked out.

"Hit the water with it and get a good cigar," Frank invited. He turned, picked up a bowl, hurled it, and listened for the splash. "Come on, Weyerhoffer, show your stuff."

Weyerhoffer sent the pie tin out to sea.

"Good shot," Frank said. "Here's a mixer. See what you can do with that."

The policeman was evidently puzzled at the mixer, but he threw it. He helped to throw all the rest of the stuff in the tablecloth—pans, spoons, spatulas, measuring cups, and curious-looking electrical gadgets. He yelled as loudly as the Suttons and laughed as heartily.

They went to the Hollywood Diner on the Post Road for hamburgers and coffee, and there Officer Weyerhoffer demanded a complete explanation.

"We're rich again," Frank told him. "That's why we're celebrating. How do you like your hamburgers? With or without?"

"With or without what?"

"Onion, of course. We've got rid of all Mrs. Sutton's junk, and now—"

"I'm going out of business," Laurel said.

"You?" Weyerhoffer appeared to be astounded. "No more pies? No more cakes? No more of them sandwiches?"

"No more pies," Frank sang. "No more cakes."

"That's too bad, Mrs. Sutton. I

"I'm puttin' a buzzer under here so I can read in bed without Mom sneakin' in on me."

remember once I was detailed at the Woods place. Mrs. Woods was giving a big party. And they had boxes and boxes of your fanciest sandwiches. Lobster and cheese and minced ham and tooney fish and what not. I never ate food like that before nor since."

Laurel remembered: "Twelve dozen sandwiches. Fourteen pies. Eight cakes. It was one of my biggest orders. I cleared nearly seven dollars on it."

She remembered also, and with extraordinary bitterness, that beautiful menu in the Piermont dining room, and that item, "Portion of baby turkey—$7."

"Nearly seven dollars! That's not bad for a day's work, Mrs. Sutton. Many a cop would be glad to get that. And so you're going out of business. Well, there isn't an educated stomach in all Homewood that won't be sorry at the news. But if you're really rich again, I'm glad."

He cut his hamburger neatly and crammed the bigger piece into his mouth.

"Frank won the prize in an architects' competition," Laurel explained. "The contest for the best small American home. The judges gave him first prize on account of his model kitchen. Five thousand dollars."

Officer Weyerhoffer swallowed the huge mouthful hastily, so that he could reply properly to this news.

"Five thousand dollars! And I thought you were wacky. I get it now. You were celebrating. That's why you were throwing all that stuff away. Waiter, give me another hamburger. Without, this time. And another cup of coffee. And a piece of apple pie."

"And help yourself to cigars," said Frank.

"And a hunk of cheese on the pie."

"You see, officer," Laurel couldn't help explaining, "Frank never wanted me to work. But I had to work. He couldn't get a job anywhere. There just weren't any jobs. Not for architects. Somebody had to work so we could eat. So I got an idea. Making pies and cakes and sandwiches for the Woman's Exchange, and for several drugstores in town, and Mike's diner near the station.

"We made out all right. We didn't suffer as much as some people did. It was pretty tough, though, at times. But now that Frank's won that prize—"

WHY did she lie so? she asked herself. It had never been tough—it had been glorious. Oh, she had been tired, so tired she couldn't sleep some nights; and she had done without things. But she had accomplished marvels. She had triumphed. And now she had to whine and complain and make it seem she had suffered. Why did she lie? To play the poor-weak-woman-overjoyed-now-because-hubby's-at-the-helm-again? Maybe. Or was she cat enough to try to make Frank realize what a little heroine she had been? Or was she just trying to kid herself into feeling like one of the slaves that Old Abe had freed?

Her mind galloped back to the moment she had taken her last pie out of the oven—and to some moments in the few hours that followed. It galloped without the escort of her body. Her body sat on the stool in the diner, next to the great body of the policeman.

Her mind regarded the pie again, as it had done that afternoon. It was a lemon meringue with honey-colored drops spangled on the white front. It had a beautiful aroma. Its warmth thrilled her. She knew how it would taste, and that was a delightful sensation in itself. The pie was a work of art, but it was more than just a pie. It was the last child of her oven. It was the end of an era.

SHE went to the little leather pocket artfully stitched into the calendar on the wall, and pulled out her list. Every morning Laurel made out a list of things to do—writing out carefully such items as:

Call butcher. Chops? Remind him last night's steak.
Tomatoes, if fresh.
See Mrs. Blowser, Woman's Exch.
Order new elastic.
Remember get gas.

Frank was always telling her she ran the car on faith and prayer and that some day she'd get stuck in the woods miles from home.

She sat at the kitchen table and crossed out all the items but the last two:

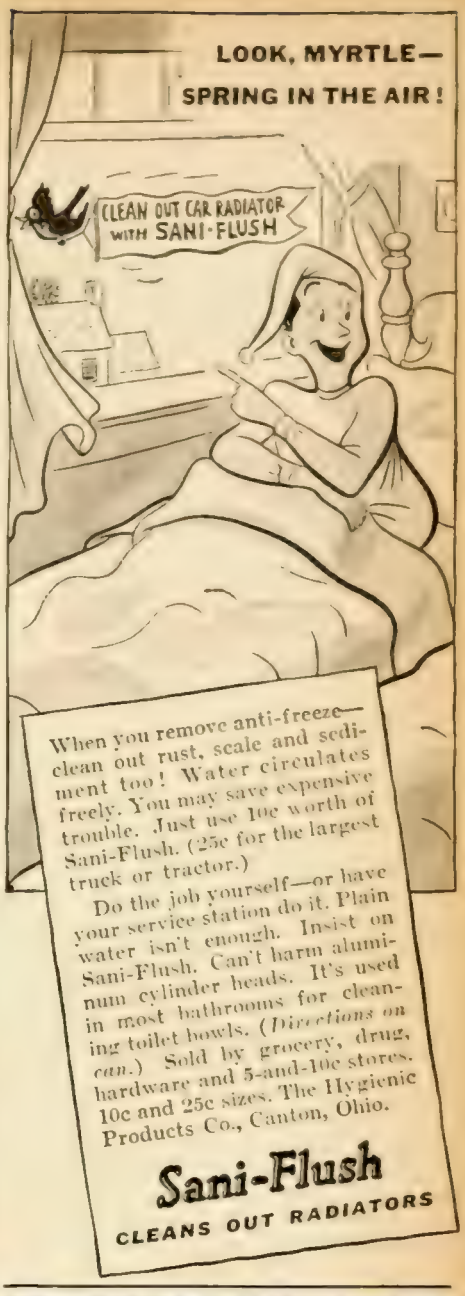
"Deliver pie Mrs. Christie 4 o'clock" and "Catch 5.07."

Idly she wrote, thinking of Frank's voice on the phone. "Rich again," she wrote. She wrote it several times, liking and not liking the words.

She rested awhile. It seemed good to rest, to have nothing to do but rest, to sit and look at that pie, and to think strange thoughts. She should feel exuberant, being rich again. But she didn't. She was ashamed of herself. Perhaps these years of work had blunted her emotions. No, she reassured herself. She was still a normal woman. Work hadn't hurt her in any way. And she was glad, really she was, that Frank had won that money. But—she hated the thought because it seemed disloyal—Frank and his money were soon parted.

Laurel's people had been rich, but they were never spendthrifts. Frank had been rich, so rich he had never had to work, had never learned how to work. He had taken her to Europe on their honeymoon, and had flung money away recklessly. Twenty pounds to a headwaiter at the Savoy. One thousand francs to a flower girl in Paris—one thousand francs for a tiny bunch of violets for Laurel.

He had bought new cars every year, one for himself and one for Laurel. He had bought this house in the country, and filled it with expensive furniture and with servants. He had given parties for fifty or sixty people. He had given many parties, and had



served champagne at a hundred dollars a case. He had hired name bands from New York, and singers and comedians—and once a troupe of chorus girls.

Laurel had enjoyed the sleigh ride as intensely as Frank; and she had been as bewildered and shocked as he when the broker phoned to say they had been "wiped out." At the moment the telephone rang they had selected a hundred costumes for those they intended to invite to a Halloween party.

Aunt Phoebe had come to their rescue.

"My aunt died," Frank told a friend, "and I took it hard. She was a sweet old lady, and the salt of the earth. But a hundred thousand little green angels flew out of a mildewed old sock to console me. And I'll bet a hundred thousand moths flew out of the sock at the same time. Poor Aunt Phoebe—she never had any fun out of her money. So you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to run this hundred grand into a million, and have fun for her."

Frank ran the hundred thousand into a million headaches, and Laurel went to work.

There were ridges of snow as high as her head on both sides of the village main street. A curious machine, built like a tractor, scooped great loads of the banked-up snow and dumped it into a truck. Laurel paused to watch for a time, glad of the sun on her shoulders and the weight off her mind.

As she turned to walk on, she noticed the cakes and pies in the window of the Woman's Exchange.

Would she ever forget the fat Mrs. Blowser and her moles? Mrs. Blowser had greeted her so obsequiously—and had become so condescending and patronizing when she learned that Laurel was looking for work.

AH, how much more than flour and shortening, sugar and eggs and cream, there was in that pie! What defeat and outraged pride and unending toil, what grim determination, what glory of victory, and what a sheaf of receipted bills were mixed with its ingredients!

Laurel glanced at the clock, and began collecting spoons and spatulas, patent electric mixers, and bowls—the clean ones—and putting them into a heap, ready for wrapping. She was about to make a neat and compact bundle of them when her mind—slapped by a word half heard—galloped out of her kitchen and returned to the Hollywood Diner.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't hear you, officer. It's stuffy in here and I guess I was a little drowsy. What did you say?"

"Nothing. Nothing much. I was just saying five thousand dollars ain't hay."

"It isn't hay," Laurel admitted.

Once it had been less than hay. What fools she and Frank had been. What utter fools! Five thousand dollars was an awful lot of money, a

"Shouldn't hit your wife!"

ridiculous and absurd lot of money. She had learned that. By the work of her hands and the agony of her soul she had learned it.

"It ain't hay," Weyerhoffer repeated, "but it burns up just as quick, hey?"

Laurel held her breath, ice forming in her veins. But Frank laughed.

"Maybe," he said—"maybe not. I touched a match to this five grand, but I just singed it. It curled up and got black, but only around the edges. It's too green to burn—or something. Or maybe I stamped out the flames before they got a good start."

"Oh, yeah?" Weyerhoffer's grin was a friendly insult.

"Yeah. Even a pyromaniac gets tired of setting fires, sometimes. Besides—I've taken out fire insurance."

"Hello, Draft Headquarters. Do you have a volunteer by the name of ———?"

Laurel recalled the day Frank had insured himself for half a million dollars.

"What do you mean, fire insurance?"

It was Weyerhoffer who spoke, not she; yet it seemed to Laurel that her stilled heart had screamed the question.

"A job," Frank said. "I got a job. A good job. In the office of one of the biggest architects in New York."

Laurel's voice, when she managed to use it, was little more than a whisper:

"Frank! You got a job? And you didn't tell me?"

"Sure I told you. When I called up this afternoon. Or maybe I didn't. Maybe I was too excited."

The light that blazed in Laurel's eyes melted the fear in her—and visibly embarrassed the policeman.

"Well," he said, sliding off his stool, "thanks for inviting me to your diamond jubilee. I'm sorry it's all over."

"But it isn't over!" Laurel shouted. She shouted and she laughed. "It's just begun." She took Frank's hand and clutched it. "Oh, darling, I held out on you. I have another bundle of things at home. Come on. Let's go get them and throw them away too. This time we'll really celebrate. Come on—come on! I can't wait."

SHE tried to drag her husband to the door, but he wouldn't budge.

And she didn't like the look on his face. She didn't like it because she'd never seen it before and couldn't understand it.

"You held out on me?" he demanded. "You did that? So that when I burned up this prize money you could go back to work for me again! To support me! You did that?"

"I loved working for you," Laurel tried to defend herself. "And—if I ever have to do it again—I won't mind. Honest, I won't."

Unmindful of the policeman and the bug-eyed waiter behind the counter, Frank hugged his wife and kissed her savagely. And "You're the most wonderful thing that ever lived," he whispered. She could feel his heart beating. She could feel his body trembling.

"Unhand me, you big bully," she cried, laughing that she might not weep. "I'm not the most wonderful thing that ever lived, only the happiest. And you're responsible for that. But I've got a date with my husband, and you're detaining me. Let go of me or I'll call a cop."

Frank let go of her and turned to the policeman.

"She's right, Weyerhoffer. We do have a date. As Mrs. Sutton says, we really have to celebrate this time. But this isn't a diamond jubilee, you understand, and so we can't invite anybody but ourselves. This is a special occasion, old man, and we've got to be alone. This is my coming-of-age party. I've just turned twenty-one."

THE END

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

How I broke into Society

BY KEN MURRAY

The hilarious confessions of a funnyman of the airways . . Believe them or not, as you like

I WAS never very much interested in the so-called upper classes until one day when I heard about a stunt perpetrated by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, father of Sherlock Holmes. It seems that Doyle, in a moment of high hilarity, sent twelve telegrams to twelve of his best society friends—high-class people of great reputation. Each telegram read the same, and as follows:

"Flee at once! All is discovered!"

Within twenty-four hours, or so I am told, all twelve of the society bigwigs left the country!

This fired my interest in socialites. Prior to that, I had only two impressions of their anatomies: (*a*) that they were the only folks on earth with blue blood and no anemia; (*b*) that for some curious reason most of them had their noses instead of their chins lifted.

Society began to intrigue me. I read about one matron who worked out a new high in household efficiency when she hired a Japanese handy man to beat her Chinese rugs! No wonder they called hers the Smart Set!

However, I wasn't really afflicted with personal ambitions to break into society until the year I roomed with a young Boston blue blood—we were frat brothers—at the local CCC camp. His father, who was president of a bunch of banks, did so well that he was spending the summer on a private island in San Francisco Bay. My society roommate was talented, all right. Had a good head on him. Insisted that chemistry's outstanding contribution to the world was—blondes. And, as a consequence, subsidized a few—a few chemists, that is.

Anyway, I, Kenneth Murray, got my first whiff of the rarefied atmosphere when this roommate of mine took me to a Boston society party. Some party! I certainly had an uncorking good time! The morning after, he phoned me.

"You were held up by two men last night!" he shouted.

"Where?" I gasped.

"All the way home!"

After my initial taste of society I decided to learn more. I got my first lesson by correspondence—it cost me $5,000, and I've never written to a woman again! I realized, above all, that the secret necessary to crashing through the ramparts of elite society is definitely a matter of geography. But, of course, if a guy has a map like Gable's, it's an open road.

Take, for instance, the staid old Back Bay set I met that time in Boston. Today the matrons, the ones who aren't in museums, are still looking at the world through rose-colored lorgnettes. But there has been a definite change in the debutantes. They don't have chaperons at their parties these days. The hostess merely furnishes referees to break the clinches. Some of the girls are still pretty modest . . . but the majority are just pretty.

I imagine, too, the close association with Harvard students has had its effect on Boston society. Yes, indeedy, the Harvard Lampoon is fast replacing the Blue Book. Why, one mother, instead of asking about my family background, merely wanted to know if I'd be the proper man for her daughter to be wrecked on a desert island with. (That's all right, Miriam Hopkins! You can do me a favor next time!)

At any rate, I wouldn't honestly say I crashed Boston society. In fact, the only outsiders ever known to enter the homes of Boston society and meet with a warm reception were—the city firemen!

Nor would I say Washington, D. C., was any better. I went there hoping to be the biggest social sensation since Mrs. Roosevelt fed the King and Queen hot dogs—but the reception I got made me thoroughly inspect my clothes to see if I was still wearing that Willkie button. Candidly, I must confess I found it practically impossible to make any headway with the debs and subdebs in the nation's capital. Those gals all have their own defense program!

Then I thought I'd try riding to hounds with society in Maryland—the rich man's way of going to the dogs. But that Maryland gang was really a swanky crowd. They even put on riding breeches to pitch horseshoes!

Frankly, in Maryland they carry this horsy angle a little too far. One hostess served me chicken à la Maryland, and when I bit into the leg, it whinnied!

Still, at the time, I was anxious to

break into the society set, so in order to make an impression, about a dozen of my friends and I thought we'd start a riding club of our own. We were getting along swell for about a week—then our horse died.

Finally, in desperation, I decided that the only way I could break into the Social Register was by marrying an heiress. There was one girl—Philadelphia Main Line society, suh—who was a catch. True, she had her coming-out with Dolly Madison, and there were those who said she carried a periscope to see over her nose—but women *are* catty. Her name was Cynthia.

Anyway, I cornered her once in the living room. I said:

"Cynthia, I have something to tell you if you promise to keep it dark."

"What's that?"

"You've a nice living room!"

We wrestled a little. Then I decided to pave the way by learning if we had mutual interests.

"Do you like simple things?" I asked.

"Why, Mr. Murray, are you proposing?"

I took the plunge. I did propose to my little heiress. She turned practical on me.

"But, Ken darling, we can't live on love."

"Of course we can," I insisted. "Your father loves you, doesn't he?"

She suddenly bridled. "Well!" she said. "I'm afraid circumstances compel me to decline a marital agreement with a man of no pecuniary resources."

"But—I don't get you—"

"Exactly!"

Then and there I decided marriage wasn't for me. Anyway, no one in my family ever had much luck with it. My brother, a dentist, married a cute manicurist—and they fought tooth and nail.

SO, still of the proletariat, I decided to go West and break into Hollywood society—either the Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street set or the Brown Derby crowd or Our Gang. Of course it required ingenuity to crash the sacred portals of filmdom. I'll never forget the first party I barged in on—I had to spend the next three days at Palm Springs getting defrosted.

Among other things, I found out I wasn't dressed properly. The correct way to appear at a formal party in Hollywood, I learned, is to have a top hat on your head, a white tie on your collar, an M-G-M contract in your hand. Because, unless you're working, you might as well stay away from those society portals—Fort Knox has swinging doors by comparison!

Another thing: Hollywood society, I became aware, is different from any other on earth. You never know whom to go after. They tell you to meet the right people, but by the time you meet them, they're wrong again! It's just like buying a two-pants suit only to have the first pair outwear the coat and vest.

So this was the important thing I had to learn about Hollywood: You have to break into society again each year. Honestly, they come up and go out so fast that there aren't over four socialites that ever had time to read beyond the third chapter of Emily Post!

With some of them the rise was so rapid, they can't swing a golf club without having to spit on their hands.

Meeting movieland's kliegs is like visiting the zoo. The first thing that impressed me was so many girls wearing so much crazy make-up. But eventually I realized it all had a purpose. For example, one glamour gal

"Ah'll race yo'-all down to dat tree, Eb!"

used only green lipstick—but that was because her boy friend was a railroad man. And then I met one famous plumpish actress who made a bet she could reduce—but, alas, she was a poor loser!

Also, I met a big-shot writer who'd never written anything except his name. He got a contract simply because he told a producer the story about the Nazi immigration inspector who was fired—for passing a bad Czech.

Of course, being a comedian made it a little tougher for me to break into filmland society. Most of them didn't seem to know that even Pagliacci had a heart. In fact, between us, most of them thought Pagliacci was the best bet in the third Santa Anita!

But I was never discouraged. After all, it took Bill Shakespeare 350 years to become a Hollywood success.

Several times, though, I had excellent chances to break in. Once I was hired by a well known gossip columnist to dig up some dirt at a shindig being thrown by Elsa Maxwell. He gave me his invitation and I went. But the butler wouldn't let me in. He said it wasn't a costume party. So what if the tuxedo I rented was four sizes too small?

I finally got in, and, being conscientious, began roaming about for gossip. I met my hostess only once. I was on my knees looking through a keyhole when she tapped me on the shoulder.

"So you've been peeking through the keyhole, Mr. Murray," she said. "And what did you find out?"

"The lights," I answered sadly.

I had another chance downstairs. A rumor started that maybe I was Paul Muni playing Ken Murray, so they let me stay. The wife of a producer glided up to me, engaged me in conversation, and then inquired sweetly:

"But I don't think I look thirty-five, do you?"

"No, ma'am," I said politely. "Not any more!"

No one threw me out, though. They just locked me in a closet. That's a marvelous thing about Hollywood society. Every one is so tactful.

I was told of another system by which I might mingle with the elite. That was by spending an evening at one of the swanky night clubs. There proved to be only one drawback: The FHA wouldn't finance an evening at a place like Ciro's or the Pirates' Den.

A FEW weeks ago I thought I had my opportunity. But now that I think of it—well, it's all so embarrassing. I went to a party and, on entering, I gave my hat and coat to a guy I thought was the butler. But imagine my chagrin! It was Eric Blore's party!

However, my greatest hurdle turned out to be the marriage situation. Having a Blue Book like Eastern society would really be a waste of time. To keep track of the marriage retakes, they should have a weekly magazine called Who's Whose. I guess that's why the film stars never adopt their husband's name. It's hardly worth while for such a short time! One actress was married three times to the same husband. I think any one that absent-minded should keep a diary.

But, being an adaptable person, I soon became used to the matrimonial mix-ups. In fact, I traveled in the best of triangles!

For a while, I don't mind confessing, I was pretty downhearted about not becoming another Charles Boyer or Herbert Marshall or Ronald Colman. Once I even thought of reversing the process: kidnaping an heiress—and having society chase me!

I hate to be such a baby about the whole thing. But I was born that way.

Anyway, I was supposed to tell you How I Broke into Society, and the joke's on the Four Hundred, because I did!

I'm now cooking for Ouida Rathbone!

You see, yesterday my agent said to me:

"Ken, old man, do you know what the unemployed did today?"

"What?" I asked.

"Nothing!"

I could take a hint. And so now I'm eating with the best of them!

THE END

Girl Sticks Out Neck

BY DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

Strachey heard a gasped curse, a stamp, as the man caught his balance.

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on the next page

PART FIVE—A FACE FROM THE DEAD

Mystery clears, danger mounts in the thrilling story of a strange adventure

THOUGH the fullest force of the blow must have been lost, Strachey's head not being where it had been a moment before, there was plenty left. It hurt. Moreover, it toppled him from his bending position so that he fell flat on his face. His backbone stung—he was lucky it had not been snapped—and he could scarcely move. But he was able to think. His scrabbling legs found another leg, an upright one, and he jerked this toward him. He heard a gasped curse, a stamp, as the man, whoever he was, caught his balance again, and then the swift scuffle of feet. Then the door was slammed.

Strachey tried to get to that door immediately, but his back wouldn't let him. Perhaps a full half minute had passed before he finally reached his feet, got the door open, and stag-

gered out into the corridor. It was empty.

Back in the room, he found no trace of the intruder. Except for the fact that the electric bulbs had been loosened in their sockets, there was nothing to indicate a visitor. Nothing had been stolen.

Not for an instant did Strachey think of reporting to the police or to the management. An outlaw, he had the outlaw's way of looking at such matters. He would fight his own battles.

He locked the door, went to the window, and stood for some minutes looking down into the dark street.

After a while he went out.

THE famous face twitched in astonishment, actually twitched, when Walt Morgan opened his door to confront Strachey. The so deceptive, hesitant, somewhat vague smile, of which it was said that an earthquake would not disturb it, flickered out. Oh, it returned immediately! But, nevertheless, for the bat of an eyelash it had not been there.

"Good Lord, Strach!" Even his voice was rimmed with excitement. "I thought you'd be out of town by this time!"

"Walt," Strachey said solemnly, "somebody's trying to kill me."

"Come in! Don't stand there!"

There was no other apartment on this floor, and the elevator stood silent. Nevertheless, Walt Morgan seemed more than embarrassed: he seemed, for him, frightened. Strachey stepped into the living room.

"Somebody's trying to kill me," he said again.

"Who would want to do that?"

"That's what I'm asking you."

Walt had recovered. His raised eyebrows now were only a formal gesture.

"Why me, Strach?"

"Because you might know about those things. You're in touch with people like that."

"If for one second I'd heard about anybody—"

"I'm sure of that! What I'm asking is if you couldn't find out for me. Can't you snoop around and learn what it's all about? Twice today somebody's tried to murder me—once this afternoon in the street, and again just now."

He told Walt about these events. He had not attached any importance to the automobile, he said, assuming it to be just another wild driver, until the murderous attack at the hotel.

"But who'd *want* to kill you?"

"Exactly. I'm curious. I was all set to give myself up to the police; but now I'm damned if I will—at least, not until I find out what's going on."

"You've got to get out of town, Strach!"

Strachey's jaw tightened.

"I'm not so sure that running away is always the best thing."

"It is this time! You've got to at least go to some quiet place I'll pick for you, so that I'll know where to get hold of you. I've got connections, I've got ways of learning things. But I'll be honest, Strach: I can't do a thing for you unless and until you get out of town. I just can't afford to take the chance."

"I'm sorry," Strachey said. "I shouldn't have come here. I've asked you to do too much for me already."

"It isn't that, Strach. But the only way I can find out who wants to erase you, and why, is by pretending I'm looking for you myself. I *will* find out. But it may take a week or more." He walked Strachey out to the corridor. Somebody on the ground floor had rung for the automatic elevator, and they stood waiting. "You go back to your hotel, and sometime today I'll get a message to you to go to a certain hideout. I don't know where it'll be myself yet. But you stay in your room!"

The automatic elevator had started up. They could hear the telephone in Walt's apartment ringing.

"You go in and answer it, Walt," Strachey said. "The elevator will be available in just a minute."

"O. K. Now you'll do what I say, Strach?"

"Absolutely."

The gambler went back into his apartment, closing the door. The elevator reached this, the fifth and top floor. Somebody else coming to visit Walt! Strachey thought of making for the fire stairs—but he thought of this too late. The elevator stopped, the elevator door was opened, a man stepped out.

The man saw Strachey Smith, cried out, and sprang back. He slammed the elevator door and the cage started down.

Strachey did not say anything at all, being unable to do so.

The man was Jenkie La Rue.

THIS was not a mistake! Nor yet was it a figment of the imagination. Not the Jenkie La Rue he had been seeing off and on for eight years. The Jenkie La Rue who had haunted him had been a dead man with open eyes. *That* one had ordinarily been without any facial expression, though sometimes Strachey thought he detected a leer at the corners of the unmuscled mouth. But *this* one, just now, this man in the elevator, had shown plenty of fear—honest, healthy, bright fear—at seeing Strachey.

Even the voice was a familiar one, the slate-pencily screech so characteristic of Jenkie La Rue, the man Strachey had shot.

Not for a fleet instant, as he ran down the enclosed fire stairs, did Strachey doubt that he had seen the man himself.

And La Rue had been afraid!

In the street lobby Strachey found the elevator cage open and empty. He ran out to the sidewalk. A taxi was turning a corner half a block away. There was no pedestrian and no other vehicle in sight.

Slowly, thoughtfully Strachey went back to the elevator. But he did not close the elevator door. His hand on it, he paused.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN Clara Lair's yacht stops at the island of Mangareva in the South Seas, her poor relation, Janet Lair, receives a strange proposition from Strachey Smith, an American who has lived on the island for eight years. Smith, who has been bequeathed a string of pearls by an old Belgian, René Claessens, suggests that Janet meet him in New York and wear the necklace when he escorts her to night clubs and theaters. Claessens, he says, has requested that he compare the pearls with some owned by a New York jeweler. If Claessens' are better, Strachey is to give them to a museum in Brussels; if not, he may keep them. Smith wants Claessens' string to be superior even though it means losing them. Wearing pearls, he explains, improves their luster. Also, before he gives them up he wants to see them adorn the neck of a beautiful woman. Hence his proposition. Janet, attracted by the young man, accepts.

In New York the pair are seen everywhere together. Strachey does not tell Janet that it is dangerous for him to be there, that he is wanted for the murder of Jenkie La Rue, a small-time gambler. But she suspects that something is wrong because always, when they are in a restaurant, his eyes are watching the door.

The only friend Smith has in New York is Walt Morgan, a gambler who was present when La Rue was shot, and who helped Smith get away. When Smith calls on Morgan, the latter urges him to leave town at once. Smith, however, announces that he is going to give himself up and take his chances.

When he returns to his hotel he finds Clara Lair waiting for him. She wants to buy the necklace. When he refuses, she speaks threateningly of trouble she can make for him and for Janet, and Smith is more than ever determined to surrender to the police and get the whole business over with.

He goes to Janet and tells her the story of La Rue. She begs him to go back to Mangareva, and offers to go with him. But although he loves her as much as she loves him, he will not allow her to become a fugitive too.

Later, as he enters his hotel room, a smashing blow descends on his shoulders—a blow which, if he hadn't dodged, would have crashed down on his head.

The relief of learning that Jenkie La Rue was still alive was such that he supposed at first that he could contemplate nothing else, think about nothing else, for a long while. He was mistaken. If his feelings were strong, so too were his thoughts. Astounding himself, he began to reason.

He did not return to Walt Morgan's apartment. Already he was asking himself why Jenkie La Rue had been going up in this elevator. There was only one apartment on the top floor—Walt's.

Jenkie was not dead. They must have been mistaken—he, Strachey, and Walt Morgan—when they examined the gambler Strachey had shot and pronounced him to be without life. This was difficult to believe; for, though he was no medical man, Strachey Smith thought he knew a corpse when he saw one. Jenkie La Rue had been limp then, his eyes glazed, his chest covered with fresh sticky blood, a bloody froth at his mouth. There had been no sign of heart or pulse beat, no misting of the mirror they held at the open mouth. There had been no muscular twitching even when Walt took a pin from his lapel and thrust it half an inch into Jenkie's upper arm.

SO they had been mistaken. Or *had* they been—both of them? It was difficult to believe that Jenkie La Rue had recovered and that for eight years Walt Morgan, like Strachey himself in faraway Mangareva, had continued to believe him dead. Walt was a man who knew his world, a small one and highly personal. He *must* have known that Jenkie was still alive. He must have learned it soon after the poker game, if he did not know it when he left the room with Strachey.

Then why had he begged Strachey to skip the country? Cashed his check? Smuggled him aboard a freighter? Sent him an illegally acquired passport?

Why had Walt, more recently, implored him to go back to Mangareva? Why had Walt buttonholed Camera-Eye Cantrell at the Sally and turned him so that he could not see Strachey leave the place? Was that a bit of acting? Had Cantrell really been looking for Strachey? Would Cantrell have known him if he saw him? Or cared, even if he did know him?

Most immediately, why had Walt Morgan, whose facial muscles were normally as well under control as his hands, just now looked so startled at seeing Strachey again? For that matter, why had Jenkie La Rue looked even more startled? Strachey had seen Jenkie many a time as a ghost; but just now, before the fishy-eyed man jumped back into the elevator, he himself had seen the perfect picture of one who sees a ghost.

Things did not become clear to Strachey Smith immediately. But one thing *was* clear. He must not obey his impulse to go upstairs again. Before he next confronted Walter Morgan he wanted to do a little thinking.

He went out of the building.

IT was too late to go to the Public Library. Ever since his return to New York he had been itchy to go to the newspaper file room of that big gray building at Forty-second and Fifth. Fear had restrained him. He supposed it probable that the police watched places like the newspaper room of the Public Library. It was of course perfectly natural that a man should want to read about his crime, and if he had been for some time a fugitive the Public Library was the place to go. This was why Strachey had not gone there. He had never seen any newspaper account of the shooting of Jenkie La Rue.

Now, though it was too late to go to the Public Library, he was certainly not going to wait any longer. He went instead to the editorial offices of the Daily Press and asked for his acquaintance Dureyea. Miraculously, Dureyea still worked there. Looking much the same, he appeared, yawning. Strachey had never known him well. An hour ago he would have been at great pains to avoid him.

Dureyea not only gave no start of surprise upon seeing his caller: he didn't even seem to remember Strachey. Strachey gave his right name, and mentioned a few parties. Dureyea said, "Oh, yes," vaguely. Then he said, looking slightly sore, "What can I do for you?"

The clippings on whom? La Rue? Jenkie La Rue the gambler? Yes, there ought to be a raft of stuff on him. Not that he amounted to much, but he was always getting into some kind of jam with the cops. And he'd been questioned, Dureyea remembered, in connection with the Mandlebaum disappearance eight years ago. His name had been in the papers a lot then.

"You'll have to excuse me; I'm busy as hell. But I'll send a boy out with the file and you can copy whatever you want."

"Thanks so much."

THERE were many clippings. But there was absolutely nothing about Jenkie La Rue being shot in a poker game. There was a great deal about his arrest for questioning in connection with the disappearance of Art Mandlebaum the gambler, which arrest occurred a few days after the poker game. There were pictures of Jenkie then; and most certainly he wasn't dead.

Strachey's first impulse was to tell Janet Lair. He hurried to a telephone booth. No, the hotel switchboard operator said; Miss Lair was not in.

Strachey was a bit worried about this as he went back to the clipping file. It was not like Janet to leave the hotel at night except with him. And he had left her, after all, pretty abruptly—left her in tears. Still,

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she was no fool. She wouldn't do anything hasty.

Besides, he had so much else to think about just then.

Jenkie La Rue was alive! That was the most important fact in the world. Not only had Jenkie never been killed, but, judging from the pictures and the absence of any reference to wounds in the stories about him, he had not even been hurt.

This didn't make things any clearer, though it made them much pleasanter to contemplate. There was a lot to learn.

Not many of the clippings referred to William Jenkinson La Rue before his arrest in connection with the Mandlebaum disappearance. There were scattered paragraphs. He had been netted, along with various larger fish, in certain raids on gambling clubs. One of many, he had been questioned about this hold-up, that assault, the implication never being that he himself had anything to do with these crimes but only that he might know who had.

Even in the Mandlebaum case Jenkie La Rue had been a figure emphatically minor. Dozens of other underworld lights, including Walter Morgan, had been questioned about the disappearance, and of course they rated more space. Nevertheless, so very much was printed that even Jenkie La Rue came in for a large share. The Mandlebaum case had evidently been a big one. This was the first Strachey Smith had heard of it. It had "broken" while he was on his way to Martinique.

He had of course heard of Art Mandlebaum, as big a gambler as Walt Morgan. Mandlebaum, however, was not merely a cardplayer and dice shooter. Like the late Arnold Rothstein, whom he had resembled in many other ways, he was an underworld financier, a promoter of crooked sporting events, a backer of thieves, perhaps also a handler of stolen goods if those goods were valuable enough. There was nothing small-time about him. He was a burly man with heavy, greasy features, a man generally hated in the underworld and as generally feared, a lender of money at exorbitant rates of interest, a man who literally handled millions without ever losing track of a penny.

HE kept no books; but his memory was a set of ledgers. On no security, and not even asking a receipt, he would lend eight or ten thousand dollars to some confidence man who needed it to make a show for a sucker; yet if you owed him fifty cents he would remind you of it every time he met you. Handling a tremendous business, he maintained no office and employed no assistants, and, unlike so many of his kind, was not even to be found at a certain table in a certain café each night. He was here, there, and elsewhere in midtown Manhattan—until the time when he suddenly ceased to be anywhere at all.

A murder story without a corpse is not a good story. Not ordinarily. A complete mystery is no fun. There should be niches for guesses. Nevertheless, the Mandlebaum disappearance caught the public imagination; and though the popular opinion, in the underworld and elsewhere, was that the town was well rid of him, a considerable stink was raised. The cry was heard once more: What's the matter with the cops? What, the public asked, had been the sense of all these expensive vice investigations and gang-busting crusades if a man of the prominence of Art Mandlebaum could be spirited away without leaving a trace? Something, it was demanded, must be done.

Something was. The police, thus pressed, cast again the old familiar dragnet, and once again newspaper readers were edified and perhaps thrilled by accounts of the questioning of marvelously colorful characters with brilliant nicknames. But nothing came of it.

Strachey did not read all the details of the Mandlebaum case, but he read many of them. And at last he came upon a series of articles on the past histories of various suspects, among them William Jenkinson La Rue.

Before starting to read this he went to the telephone booth and again called Janet's hotel. She was not in. He returned to the file.

JENKIE LA RUE, the tale was told, had not always been a gambler. For years he had been celebrated among his own kind as a specialist in dummy chucking. He had been called the Wingding King.

"This wan, bleak, sagging satellite, in his day, has dropped flat on his face, or on his back, more times than any 'heavy' in an old-fashioned stock company," the clipping read. "He was a master of the gentle art of faw-ing down and going boom. He could throw a fit as easily as you or you or you could throw your hat on a table. . . . It is even said that at one time his name was itself utilized in an underworld phrase. To 'throw a La Rue' was to fall in a fit—a fake one, of course.

"Police say that the scrawny little man who is to be questioned today by the District Attorney in connection with the disappearance of Art Mandlebaum for years made a good thing of this peculiar talent, being in demand by 'cannon mobs' or groups of pickpockets, who would work upon the crowds he collected so easily in public places.

"The profession is at least as old as the sixteenth century. Dummy chuckers in Tudor England were known in the vagabonds' cant as 'abram-men,' 'counterfeit cranks,' or 'dummerers.' According to the New York police, however, who have been to some pains to look up his past, Jenkie La Rue is certainly one of the greatest dummy chuckers that ever practiced upon an unsuspecting public. His tumbles or wingdings were masterpieces. Cataleptic or epileptic, it was all one to him. He scorned the exploitation of a physical deformity, having none anyway, and would not lower his standing as an artist by merely throwing a limb out of joint, as is done by many lesser dummy chuckers. When Jenkie La Rue fell, something really happened. The spectators used to get so excited that they forgot all about their wallets.

BEST of all, the danger other dummy chuckers run that there may be a physician in the crowd who will instantly call their bluff, was no danger to Jenkie La Rue. He could fool physicians as easily as laymen—and keep them fooled. He never made the mistake, a common one, of emitting a whole series of cries when faking an epileptic fit. Always accurate, he would cry only once—an unforgettable sound, more hoarse than shrill. He could twitch all his muscles at once. He would bite his own tongue. If need be, he could foam at the mouth. His thumbs invariably were curled in upon his palms, and if a physician, testing him, straightened them, Jenkie La Rue was not fool enough to curl them back again. He let them stay straightened—as an epileptic would do. He could certainly hold his breath for long periods, and it was said that he could even make his heart stop beating for half a minute or more.

"He was a freak. All nerves ordinarily, he seemed to have none at all when he was practicing his profession. Doctors would touch him in tender spots and he would not wince or twitch. He was often pinched, and more than once a needle was driven into his arm or leg, but the 'victim' gave no sign. Neither would he pick his spot carefully before he fell, as lesser practitioners instinctively do. It is one of the ways in which the physician hopes to spot the faker. But Jenkie La Rue flopped with utter abandon, on hard things, on hot things, on wet things, with the result that he was often badly cut and bruised, making a most convincing display.

"But he was a born gambler as well, and according to the police the considerable sums he earned working with cannon mobs he would lose at craps or the races. Perhaps this is why some ten years ago he ceased being the number one dummy chucker and became just another hanger-on in gambling circles. Perhaps he was tired of being a sucker and wished to get in with the professionals, making a living at something he really enjoyed. Or it may be that he found with advancing age that dummy chucking was too rough and strenuous an occupation for an artist like him, who would not modify his technique nor compromise with his ideals.

"Whatever the reason, Jenkie La Rue will not tell it. Since being mentioned in connection with the Mandlebaum disappearance he has refused to say a word to reporters. He won't

talk. Will the District Attorney be able to change this attitude when Jenkie La Rue faces him today?"

STRACHEY had been so interested that he forgot to smoke. He lighted a cigarette now.

It is never pleasant to feel that you've been a fool. He understood a lot now. But still it was not all clear. He understood that he had trusted Walter Morgan too far, and that Morgan was what people said he was—a cold and utterly unscrupulous person. He understood also that Morgan had deliberately arranged that poker game, had arranged to have Jenkie La Rue pick a quarrel with Strachey, had even arranged for somebody to slip a pistol loaded with blanks into Strachey's hand while somebody else yelled, "*Look out! He's got a gun!*" The "blood" had been chicken blood, or perhaps canned tomato juice.

Morgan had wanted to get him, Strachey, out of New York, out of the country, and in such a way that he would never come back. But *why?*

The police had never searched his apartment. The police—what a joy it was to know this!—had never even heard of him. Walt Morgan had gone to all the trouble and expense of getting a forged passport for him. Why? Walt had been shocked to see him return, to see him in a place like the Sally, fearing as he did that very soon Strachey would encounter Jenkie La Rue, the man he thought he had killed, or else would read about the case in back numbers of newspapers or perhaps talk to somebody about it and learn that La Rue was still alive. Walt had been on the verge of panic when Strachey told him he planned to give himself up to the police. He had done everything possible to prevent this—even, probably, making a couple of attempts upon Strachey's life. *Why,* in heaven's name?

If Strachey had tried to surrender himself at a police station, he might have been taken for a nut and shooed out. In that event he would certainly have investigated the whole business himself. Probably the police would have done so anyway. Probably the police, having heard his story, would ask the same question he was asking himself now: What in the world did he have on Walter Morgan that made Morgan so eager to get rid of him?

Morgan could be cruel, as he had proved. He could sentence a man to acute mental suffering for the rest of his life. But it was not like Morgan to be cruel for cruelty's own sake. That would not be efficient. He would never go to all the trouble and expense of arranging that elaborate setup for the sheer joy of having a man tortured. Moreover, cruelty of that sort, insane cruelty, presupposes a desire to watch the writhing of the victim; and when Morgan smuggled Strachey aboard that freighter he never expected to see him again. No; there must be a point to it somewhere. There must be a reason.

He returned the file, scribbled a note of thanks to Dureyea, and wandered out. He made for Janet's hotel. Keenly he wanted to tell her about all this. They could be happy now. He was clear! He hoped she had returned. Perhaps she had gone to see the jeweler Joubet.

He was thinking over everything he knew about Walt Morgan, retracing in his mind each time he had met the gambler, what they had said, where they had been. Why should he, Strachey Smith, at that time an inconspicuous, not rich, overeager lad fresh from college, with no influence—why should he be so important to a man like Walt Morgan?

He had almost reached the hotel when the answer came. *The hands!* He stood stock-still while people hastened past all around him, bumping him. He said it aloud, wondering: "*The hands!*" That time he had called on Walt Morgan in New Rochelle, and found the gambler in the company of Jenkie La Rue, Walt's hands had been dirty.

He had noticed this at the time, and now after eight years he remembered it. Of no other man in the world excepting Walt Morgan would he be likely to remember a fact seemingly so trivial.

Walt's hands had been dirty as he turned Strachey away. Not grimy or greasy, but smudged with earth. They had, it is true, been recently washed, but hastily washed. There had been dirt on them still.

It fitted. There was much he didn't know yet, but he was seeing light.

THE Mandlebaum disappearance story had "broken" in the newspapers four days after Strachey left New York. Mandlebaum at that time had been missing for twelve days. And it was exactly eight days before leaving New York that Strachey had visited Walt Morgan in New Rochelle—and noticed the dirty hands. A few days after that, Morgan, who previously had refused to do anything of the kind, had invited Strachey to join a poker game.

Strachey ran the rest of the way to the hotel.

"Miss Lair does not answer."

Now he was worried. The idea that she'd gone to Joubet with the pearls no longer comforted him. He had remembered that Walt Morgan knew how he felt about Janet, knew where she lived: Strachey himself had mentioned the hotel to him.

"Look, do you suppose I could have a bellboy to go up to her room with me? With a passkey, I mean."

"Have you any reason to think there's anything wrong, sir?"

"I don't know," Strachey said. "There might be."

Now that Walt Morgan knows that his elaborate plot is exposed, what will he do? Has he already kidnaped Janet as a hostage for Strachey's silence? Will he dare allow the man who knows his secret to remain alive? Dramatic revelations sweep next week's chapter toward a grim incredible climax!

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Mr. Hearst Answers Mr. Dodd

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FULTON OURSLER

NEXT WEEK, Liberty will print an amazing caveat to the Diary of the late Ambassador Dodd. In one of the entries of his journal, Mr. Dodd made statements about the famous American publisher which pointed to a financial arrangement between Hearst and the Nazis. Upon reading this reference, Mr. Hearst became indignant and wrote a letter of complete denial. More than this, he invited Liberty to send accountants into his publishing offices to satisfy themselves that Mr. Dodd was in error, had merely repeated a Communistic rumor, and had thereby done an injustice to Mr. Hearst. Liberty accepted this suggestion, sent accountants to review the records, and next week will be glad to publish Mr. Hearst's denial of the Dodd accusations, and Liberty's independent examination of the facts.

A NEW GRACE PERKINS novel is always exciting news; her story, which begins next week, is called Footloose! and is the story of Lili, a girl with too much money and too little love. We think it is Grace's best novel to date. Footloose! leads an issue further distinguished by such exciting fiction as Nightmare for Three, by Hugh B. Cave; Damaris' Lovely Day, by Edith Austin Holton, and another exciting installment of Girl Sticks Out Neck, by Donald Barr Chidsey. More about Germany's Secret Plans for Invading England, by Wythe Williams, is another feature you will be waiting for, together with Part Two of Yankee Eagle Over London; What Will Tomorrow's World Be Like? by Mahatma Gandhi; a Science Quiz, by Waldemar Kaempffert; Fat, Forty, and Famous, by Jack O'Donnell; another piece on the theater by George Jean Nathan; and other stories and articles and all your favorite features. Not so bad, right?

SALMAGUNDI: Howard W. Bible has sent me a chart, suitable for hanging on the wall, of flags of American liberty. It is one of the handsomest patriotic displays I have seen and is put out by C. S. Hammond and Company of New York. This gift from Mr. Bible now hangs on the wall in the Falmouth, Massachusetts, public school. . . . A trustworthy newspaperman, just out of Germany, declares that the latest Nazi invention is the *Gnadenstod* or "Gift of Death," to which all insane, hopelessly crippled, or incurables are subject. The object is race purification. Asylums and institutions get a sudden order to deliver twenty-five or fifty or more of their patients to the lethal chamber. Some authenticated instances of using the *Gnadenstod* for political reprisals—the Gauleiter has a grudge against somebody, certifies him insane, next week, pf-f-st! All very cold-blooded, and mentally deficient children no exception. Gossip in Germany is that the victims are used for experimental purposes to test new poison gases. . . . In New York's famous Rainbow Room I found two magicians working energetically in the floor show, Keith Clark, a good-looking prestidigitateur from Nancy, France, who has already taken out second papers of American citizenship (And why don't more high-salaried aliens do that? Especially actors who keep Americans out of jobs.), and Sydney Ross, a card manipulator, very clever; he comes to your table and does eye-poppers! . . . From a retired police officer comes the following:

CHICAGO, ILL.—I was a police officer in a large city for over twenty years. I have a record for honesty and public service of which any man could justly be proud. But even the nearest member of my own family will never know that I write this.

Something has been hurting me for years, and that is the fact that crime *does* pay. When folks get over chanting silly slogans which are not true, the sooner some evils may be lessened, or even reduced to a minimum.

I have been retired for three years. I have no grudge against any one, but I know some who have made as much in a few days as I made in twenty years of walking a beat.—*Tom O.*

The answer, Tom, is that it does seem to pay some people, as long as society tolerates such practices. But in the end we may all have to pay the piper. Democracy is founded on honest administration of the laws; honest administration begins with municipal government and, as you well know, the corruption of municipal government in the United States of America is the scandal of democracy. This scandal is being advanced as one of the principal arguments for totalitarianism in the United States of America. I have lectured all over the country on this subject; the people listen, are shocked, and then resent the whole thing. I have tried to quicken the interest of good citizens in the subject, but they like it better when I tell them funny stories! They are having such a good time at their own party, they hate to be told that the house is on fire!

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

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COVER COLORED BY RANDOCK

To meet a Need means more to us than just to meet a Price

WE BUILT the first low-cost car because there was no such car then and many people needed one. And it is the need of the average family for better and better cars that keeps us a great institution.

Examine the present Ford and you see that its low price is no index to the kind of *value* in the car. If appraised according to prevailing standards for cars with similar elements of design, the Ford car of today would sell for considerably more.

Our fine-car engine design, the size of our hydraulic brakes and the quality of many parts which the owner may never see—all are characteristic of cars much higher-priced than ours.

We do not *have* to use these things in Ford cars just to meet the standards of our "price class." We use them because they make a better car, and because our Ford plant and Ford method enable us to include them without added cost to you.

Measured against the needs of its times, the present Ford is the best we have built.

Its size, comfort, beauty and quality put a peak to 38 years of making *extra*-good cars.

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NEW ROOMINESS. Bodies of the big 1941 Ford are longer and wider this year. Front seating width, for instance, is increased as much as seven inches.

SOFT, QUIET RIDE. A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs and improved shock absorbers.

GREAT POWER WITH ECONOMY. This year, more than ever, Ford owners are enthusiastic about the economy and fine all-round performance of Ford cars.

BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows increased all around to give nearly four square feet of added vision area in each '41 Ford Sedan.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES in the Ford price field. 12-inch drums. For added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

GET THE FACTS AND YOU'LL GET A FORD!

Ford

"THIS LIGHTER LEAF IS MILDER, MISS..."

"... it costs more, too — but Luckies pay the price!" says Joe Cuthrell, tobacco auctioneer

"THERE'S no two ways about it—the lighter, milder tobacco comes high, and Luckies pay the price to get it. That's why most auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—fellows like me, who actually see the sales—smoke Luckies as a matter of course!"

In buying tobacco, you get what you pay for. And independent tobacco experts tell you that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. So why not decide to smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke? Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.

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With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 to 1